THE MILLIONAIRES—By David Graham Phillips

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JULY 26, 1902 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

TWO GREAT MEN OF RUSSIA

I. WITTE

By Albert J. Beveridge

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Give a Boy Textile Training

and he is in the direct line of success. We qualify students to step into positions of the first class in mill management, designing and selling fabrics and to apply chemistry to the dyeing and preparation of raw materials and textiles. The course of the

Philadelphia Textile School

opens up a wide field at high salaries and with a great demand for capable men.

The view shown is from a photograph of students at work in the elementary weaving, warping and drawing-in room. The catalogue, illustrated from photographs, explains the scope of the courses. A separate catalogue describes the Schools of Drawing, Applied Design, Normal Instruction, Woodwork and Carving, Decorative Painting, Illustration, Decorative Sculpture, Architectural Design, and Modern Languages. For catalogue, with list of positions held by graduates, address L. W. MILLER, Prin.,

School of Industrial Art of the Penna. Museum
Dept. M, Broad and Pine Sts., Philadelphia

Grasp This OPPORTUNITY To Rise

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1171, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain how I can qualify for position marked X below.

☐	Mechanical Engineer	☐	Civil Engineer
☐	Machine Designer	☐	Hydraulic Engineer
☐	Mechanical Draftsman	☐	Municipal Engineer
☐	Foreman Machinist	☐	Bridge Engineer
☐	Foreman Toolmaker	☐	Railroad Engineer
☐	Foreman Patternm'ker	☐	Surveyor
☐	Foreman Blacksmith	☐	Mining Engineer
☐	Foreman Molder	☐	Textile Designer
☐	Gas Engineer	☐	Metallurgist
☐	Refrigeration Engineer	☐	Heating and Vent. Eng.
☐	Traction Engineer	☐	Architect
☐	Electrical Engineer	☐	Contractor and Builder
☐	Elec. Machine Designer	☐	Architect'l Draftsman
☐	Electrician	☐	Sign Painter
☐	Electric Lighting Supt.	☐	Letterer
☐	Electric Railway Supt.	☐	Analytical Chemist
☐	Telephone Engineer	☐	Sheet Metal Draftsman
☐	Telegraph Engineer	☐	Ornamental Designer
☐	Wireman	☐	Navigator
☐	Dynamo Tender	☐	Bookkeeper
☐	Motorman	☐	Stenographer
☐	Steam Engineer	☐	Teacher
☐	Marine Engineer	☐	To Speak French
☐	Cotton Mill Supt.	☐	To Speak German
☐	Woolen Mill Supt.	☐	To Speak Spanish

I am at present employed as _____ Age _____

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Are You Ambitious?

The opportunity we offer is not for sluggards or "clock-watchers." It is for men of push and energy—men that are willing to work, but want their work to **pay.**

Why struggle along in a poor position, at low wages, when you know that your brains and natural abilities can be trained to make you a success? For ten years we have been training ambitious men and women to be specialists—to fill positions and to earn salaries beyond the reach of ordinary workers that lack this special training. We can do this for **you** if your ambition is real. Cut out, fill in, and send us the coupon above, and learn all about it.

DO IT NOW!

A Chance for Young Men.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in his new book, "The Empire of Business," has tried to account for his own success, and to tell young men how to succeed as he has done. HOW MUCH WOULD YOU GIVE FOR MR. CARNEGIE'S KNOWLEDGE OF HOW TO SUCCEED? He has put it all down for you in "The Empire of Business," of which *The Sketch* says:

"It belongs to the somewhat rare class of books that may literally repay perusal;"

but for a Limited Time Only we will

GIVE YOU THIS BOOK FREE.

with a year's subscription to our magazine, THE WORLD'S WORK, of which Melvil Dewey, New York State Librarian, says:

"The wide circulation of such a magazine is educationally more valuable than the founding of a new college."

This is the offer: We send you this invaluable book and 12 numbers of this wonderful magazine, and you pay us $1.00 now and $1.00 for each of the next two months, or $3.00 in all, which is the price of either alone.

USE THIS BLANK AT ONCE.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., 134 Union Square, New York.
Enclosed find $1.00. Send me, prepaid, "The Empire of Business" and "The World's Work," 1 year. I will remit $2.00 more in two monthly payments, $3.00 in all.
S. E. P.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....

Highest Positions Open

to telegraphers. Big railroads write us every day for operators. **Passes furnished to destination. Good wages. Every opportunity to get ahead.**

WE TEACH TELEGRAPHY QUICKLY

and send our men to excellent positions. Tuition is reasonable, expenses low, and many students earn their board. A great opportunity for willing men; fifty-page booklet tells about it. It is **FREE.** Write today.

Your money back if we fail to do as our catalogue says.

VALENTINE'S SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY
(Established 1873)
Telegraphy Building, Janesville, Wis.

Utica, N. Y., Conservatory of Music

Edward B. Vlock and Robert J. Hughes, Directors
Alfred H. Jay, Secretary

Unsurpassed advantages offered in the following departments: Vocal, Piano, Organ, Violin, Cornet, Elocution, Physical Culture, Languages, etc. Year Courses at special rates. Send for Catalogue. Address Secretary, Conservatory of Music, Utica, N. Y.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS

We will send, if you apply at once, a copy of our instructive book on *Business*, explaining the best system of accounts in the world, and how you can make more money and better your position. It is FREE. **Commercial Correspondence Schools Dr. 23, Rochester, N. Y.**

THIS VALUABLE BOOK FREE

Venice of America

5 MINUTES FROM ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

THE QUEEN SHORE CITY

Our contracts guaranteed by a Trust Company. Only a limited number of lots will be sold at special prices and on easy terms to acceptable parties.

Booklets, maps and full information furnished either at Main Office—34 and 35 Law Building, Atlantic City, N. J.; New York Office, G. W. Blake, 159 W. 34th St., New York City; Western Agency, Heath & Company, 333 St. Charles St., Elgin, Ill.

A 50-Cent Hat by Mail

MEN'S HAT No. 1
In soft, rough finish. *Colors:* Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

Either of these hats sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents in cash, postal-order or stamps. Money back if not satisfactory. We refer to The First National Bank of Middletown, N. Y. We are hat manufacturers and make the following offer to introduce these hats and our other lines of Men's, Boys', and Women's Hats in every town in the United States. *Send for catalogue.*

MEN'S HAT No. 2
In smooth finish. *Colors:* Black, Brown, Maple, Steel, and Pearl.

MIDDLETOWN HAT COMPANY, 66 Mill Street, Middletown, N. Y.

All Magazine, Newspaper Work, Cartooning, Lettering, Designing, etc. Students enthusiastic. Personal instruction and guidance. Prepares quickly for paying work. Big salaries for our graduates. Experience unnecessary. Oldest, largest, most responsible and most practical school in the world. Incorporated. Write postal to-day for unsolicited testimonials and full particulars.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING
76 Penna Street, Indianapolis, U. S. A.

SELL YOUR BRAINS

Not your time. Learn Journalism and Story-Writing, by mail, during spare hours. Send for our free booklet,

"Writing for Profit."

Tells how to succeed as story-writer, newspaper-correspondent and magazine-contributor. Manuscripts criticised, corrected, and sold on commission. Thornton West, Editor-in-Chief. Staff of Specialists. Founded 1895. **THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION,** 87 Baldwin Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.

UNIVERSITY TRAINING for Business

Accounting
Banking
Brokerage

School of Commerce Accounts and Finance.
Evening Sessions.
New York University, Washington Square, N. Y. City.

FALL TERM OPENS OCT. 1.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.

VOLUME 175 — PHILADELPHIA, JULY 26, 1902 — NUMBER 4

Copyright, 1902, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

TWO GREAT MEN OF RUSSIA

1. WITTE

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

United States Senator from Indiana

COME with me this afternoon; I want you to see two or three historic spots where Russian history reached its most lurid climax," said a vivid young nobleman. Instead, we went to the "human market," so called, where workers—men and women—gathered from the country to sell their brawn and muscle to him who would purchase. Another day the request was made to compare some of Russia's ancient and modern art. Instead, the great foundling asylum in Moscow, where new-born children by scores and hundreds are taken, nourished, cared for by a paternal government, was examined. On a certain estate there stood an ancient family church, a type of which few remain. It was an object of infinite pride to the family, of whose antiquity it was a most striking monument. But the peasant village, the condition of the workers, were of more immediate moment.

How the peasantry live, how they work; the condition of their vitality; the clumsy but patient fingers of the workers in the deafening cotton factories of Moscow, the enormous buildings where those same toilers—men and women—are housed, the kitchens where their food is prepared, the cellars where their ice is kept, the system by which the employer must and does provide for their physical existence; the steel mills, the knotted muscles and hairy breasts of the laborers there; the schools where they are taught; the cooperative establishments owned by the workingmen themselves, where all the necessaries of life are produced by a joint stock company, in which they are the stockholders; the strange-looking farms, divided like ribbons according to the primitive method of allotting to each family its share of the land owned by the commune; the awkward and ancient methods of farming, the wasteful exhaustion of the soil's fertility, the antique devices by which a heavy per cent. of what the earth produces is lost; the superabundance everywhere of sheer physical power that expends itself in the making of iron nails and bolts by hand; the struggling up through all this of modern processes, of present means of efficiency; the sure if slow introduction of labor-saving devices, the certain if tardy reduction of the tangle and chaos of former commercial activities to order and system—all these are of more moment than the ancient monuments and the blood-stained spots of terrible history. And of intenser interest than either are the few great minds who express the power and purposes of the Russian people and the varying currents of Russian thought and feeling.

Do not miss the war pictures of Verestchagin in Moscow, but linger even longer at the country blacksmith shop, burrowed in the side of a hill on some vast country estate. Spend your time looking upon the remains of the mighty Czars in the historic church on the Neva if that interests you; but pass not by the iron mills and foundries farther up the river. Waste your time in the magnificence of the public rooms of such palaces as you please, but ten minutes with Witte, the financial and commercial brain of official Russia, is worth all put together. Spend delightful hours at "The Hermitage" absorbing the glory of the masterpieces there or revisiting in memory the mighty day of the mighty Peter, but if you can look into the gray eyes of Pobedonosteff or listen to the keen words of this amazingly intelligent "tyrant of the church," as he is called, you will know better what the world must reckon with in considering Russia, when weighing the relative importance of nations.

For there is only time for the study of three things of immediate moment: first, the soil, the mines, the resources of a country; second, the people who live in that country, the human instruments by which those resources are to be developed; and third, the few great minds and wills who interpret and direct the mental and physical energies of the nation. In Russia these men are Witte and Pobedonosteff. Let us take them in their order.

First of all there are certain similarities. Each is equally dogmatic. Each is equally sure that he is right and that everybody else is wrong. Each is an autocrat of Nature's making. Neither is acquainted with the verb "to fail." Neither believes in the word "impossible." And both of them are intensely unpopular.

Witte, the Business Man of the Empire

First, for Witte—the incarnation of the practical, the personification of the business and commercial spirit of Russia; the business man of the Empire; the first modern, up-to-date financier and administrator Russia has yet produced.

M. WITTE, THE FINANCIAL BRAIN OF RUSSIA

This is the man who took the almost orientally disorganized finances of Russia in hand and reduced them, first, to a system along recognized lines of sound economics, and finally established the gold standard. This is the man through whose influence the Government has become the owner and operator of more than two-thirds of the railroad mileage of the Empire. This is the man who has adjusted Russia's tariffs along the lines of radical protection for the purpose of building up Russian industry. This is the man who is determined that Russia shall herself manufacture everything the Russian people need. He it is who has taken in charge for the Government the monopoly of vodka and liquors. He is the chief inspiration of the workingmen's palace in St. Petersburg and of similar movements throughout the Empire. He is the controlling mind that directs the construction of the great Manchurian Railway. He negotiates all the loans for the Russian Government. His eye is upon every manufacturing establishment through the Czar's dominions. He is reforming the laws of mines and mining everywhere.

Silent, taciturn, relentless, immovable—his personality has gradually grown upon the statesmen and financiers of other nations until only two other men fill the imagination of the world in equal measure—William of Germany and the Pope. And to these three America is giving another in the person of our President, Theodore Roosevelt.

This greatest dreamer of the present day will tell you that he has no use for dreams or dreamers; but he means by that those men who entertain theories which cannot be reduced to facts. "What can be done?"—that is his only question. Witte is the man who "does things" in Russia.

Perhaps there is no man in America so busy as he is. Yet he does not appear hurried. He is a very tall man, very ungainly, and, though stiff in manner, is cordial with a genuineness that pleases and captivates you. It is said that when Witte desires to use a man who has been his bitterest enemy he has only to see him in conversation for a little while to send him away the ardent champion of the Minister and his plans. It is related that the editor of a certain newspaper which had attacked him and his schemes became necessary to him. The Minister asked for an interview, secured it, convinced the editor of the reasonableness of Witte's proposition and charmed him into active friendship.

The first thing that impresses you about Witte is perfect simplicity. This seems to be the distinguishing characteristic of all extraordinary men. A child or a backwoodsman or the most highly cultivated man of the world (and the manner of these three is almost the same) could not be simpler than this most powerful Minister the world has seen for more than a century. He speaks in a low voice, looking directly at you. What a steady eye! The freedom of his conversation, in view of your previous notions of Russia and Russians, astonishes you. There is not a Cabinet officer in Washington who will talk with the apparent unreserve of this chief counselor of the Czar. His eyes are large and brown, with an expression of patience and weariness about them that reminds you of what you read about the eyes of Lincoln. They are not sharp or luminous, but have the dreamy expression of those minds that are not content with things as they are, but are planning and dreaming of things as they should be. His forehead is high, but not too high, of medium breadth; but between the ears the breadth is perceptibly greater. And the back-head, where resides the "drive" of the human intellect, is perfectly developed. His hair is brown—has a slightly waving effect, is of medium length and brushed straight back from the forehead. In his office he wears a common and most unpretentious sack coat, well-worn trousers that bag at the knees, and shoes that do not show much attention. Like all Russians, and indeed all Germans, he smokes cigarettes incessantly.

"Tell me about your trusts," he said. "I greatly fear that they are overcapitalized. If they are, the reaction is inevitable."

He was more interested in the Steel Trust than in any subject. "What is the basis for this combination? Is it a good thing to discontinue various factories here and there that the general policy of the consolidation may be, as a whole, wiser considered from the viewpoint of the trusts' interests only?"

It was explained to him that it is claimed by the advocates of similar combinations that mills had been erected at points where the natural conditions do not justify them, by people who had not considered a wise distribution of the industry; that these were the mills which inevitably had to go to the wall in any event and were shut down, after having been purchased by the trust, as a measure of preserving the welfare of the industry as a whole; that the control of the iron resources and coal deposits, together with a controlling influence in transportation facilities, and the enormously increased demand for steel in buildings, as well as in the other lines to which it had formerly been confined, quite justified the trust's capitalization in the opinion of those who spoke for it.

"I think," said the Minister, "that they will find it difficult to maintain prices." When it was pointed out to Witte that he was able, by Government purchases from the steel organizations and by other methods, to influence and largely maintain prices, he said: "Yes, but you forget that I can draft a law which a world of people must observe." And there spoke the true autocrat. And his answers and comments on trust arguments, such as the refusal of the Steel Trust to raise prices, were keen and penetrating. Altogether Witte is very much down on the trusts, although he is the head of the greatest trust in the world.

It will be hard to find in America any one man who has so many enemies as this first of the Russians; but a traveler listening to the assaults upon him from one end of the Empire to the other cannot but arrive at the conclusion that his enemies have been made by measures devised for the good of the whole Russian people, from adherence to which interested parties have not been able to shake him.

The result of these hatreds is a swarm of accusations, most, perhaps all, of which are maliciously untrue. You will hear corruption hinted at; and yet this first modern business man ever called to the councils of the Czar is doing more to eradicate corruption from the Russian Empire than any one force in Russian history. He is doing this, not by moralizing but by the introduction of business system into the Government's practical administration. A system of audits and counter-audits is being introduced which makes the pocketing of large sums of money by contractors an impossibility, no matter how many officials connive at it.

How Witte Has Fought Corruption

He does not hesitate to adopt instant and special measures for special and aggravated cases. It is related that a certain cargo of wheat, whose owners had not complied with the regulations and who had introduced dirt and refuse into the cargo, was seized by the peremptory orders of Witte and confiscated.

When he becomes convinced of corrupt practice in any business or establishment he does not hesitate to take special methods with reference to it. These arbitrary acts are, of course, very rare, the correction of nearly all abuses being left to the ordinary administration of rights and remedies in the courts of justice.

Witte is "a pessimist of conditions and an optimist of possibilities," to use the phrase of a brilliant writer. Indeed, his unpopularity began early in his ministry by his declaration that the abounding prosperity of Russia some years since was abnormal and that a disastrous reaction was sure to follow. He plainly told investors that they were building great plans in Russia without reckoning with ultimate conditions. He discouraged rash enterprise everywhere. In conversation and public speech he proclaimed that the values of many corporations' shares, especially those of banking concerns, were swollen and fictitious. His maxim was, and is, that any prosperity which is unnatural is no prosperity at all, and that it is the sure and certain parent of disaster.

By one arbitrary act he broke down a thoroughly improper system by which Russian banks increased their capital. The people of Russia purchase Government lottery bonds very readily, paying for them in installments. Getting possession of the bond, it is the custom to borrow on the bond from a bank and deposit the bond as security, taking a receipt therefor which entitles the borrower, upon payment of his loan, not to the identical bond he deposited but to one of that kind. In this way the same bond was used by the bank over and over again as a basis for loans; and the script receipt thus issued upon this slender basis passed as currency. This unhealthful and really fraudulent process Witte rooted out. A savage outcry against him resulted. This is but a slight example of the numberless reforms in which he is engaged.

When he took office the Russian ruble was a more fluctuating currency than the Chinese tael. Gambling upon its changing value prevailed throughout the Empire. Business was unsettled, investment excited and feverish, and the whole commercial world in that delirium of uncertain activity which comes from the expectation of unnatural profits and from the element of chance. Witte called in the circulation, reduced it to a limit, applied the well-known principles of sound economics to the currency, and finally effected the greatest coup of his career by placing Russia on the gold standard with the great commercial nations of the world.

His most ambitious project, next to the establishment of the gold standard, is the scheme which is now being put into operation for taking over to the Government the monopoly of vodka. Hereafter the Government is to control the manufacture and actually to conduct the sales of this universally consumed national Russian drink. The conception was daring; its execution cautious. As in every radical reform in Russia, this was first tried in one province, and, succeeding there, it was gradually extended to others, being improved and remedied as experience and actual operation suggested.

It has been said that the tax on vodka maintained the army and navy of Russia. This, of course, is an exaggeration. But it is probably no exaggeration to say that the profits which the Government will derive from its sale will actually support the army and navy. It is argued that the vodka sold to the people by the Government is purer, of less strength and, in general, much more healthful than the vodka sold by irresponsible dealers. People with whom I talked were of the opinion that its effects would be distinctly beneficial.

Together with this reform, the Government is introducing practical temperance measures. At the Government offices in one district I found minute instructions to the district officials upon the subject of temperance of the people, and literature, brief and easily read, to be distributed to the people. The active mind behind all this is Witte.

The Greatest Tea Merchant of History

The next plan of this most constructive statesman of the day is to make the sale and distribution of tea a Government monopoly. Already this reform has been carefully planned out. Already, too, it is arousing bitter protest, for the tea dealers of Russia are numerous and everybody consumes it. From the highest nobleman to the humblest peasant, from the wealthiest capitalist to the most lowly beggar, the one necessity next to bread itself appears to be tea. It is probably true that a gallon of tea is consumed by the people of Russia to every pint of plain water they drink.

Witte reasoned that from a moral point of view the dealers have no more right to derive private profit from the necessity of the people than they have to enrich themselves by the sale of common drinking water. From a financial point of view he reasoned that in the sale of this common article of consumption the Government could fill its treasury with an unfailing stream of taxation which would not be felt by those who paid it. From the point of view of economics and human interest he argued that a better quality of tea would be supplied by the Government at a lower price to Russia's one hundred and twenty millions than by irresponsible dealers whose object, of course, is to sell the poorest article at the highest possible price.

And so it has been decided that the Government of Russia will go into the tea business, just as it has gone into the liquor business, and just as it has gone into the railway business. The largest owner and operator of railways in the world, the largest dealer in alcoholic liquors in the world, Russia is now to become a greater buyer and seller of tea than all other dealers of the world put together. Should this process continue it requires no seer to behold the development of Russia into a communistic state.

One and the Czar a Majority

One of the defects of Russian administration has been the variances of the ministry. One minister's plans would interfere with those of another, and there was constant strife and contention, so that instead of a statesmanship with a common purpose and with all forces in accord, there was a heterogeneous and confused adoption and execution of divergent schemes. It needed a strong hand and a master mind to consolidate the ministry. This Witte has nearly accomplished, and that, too, by sheer force of reason. The Czar shows that rarest instinct in rulers, and that most necessary one, of knowing his wisest man and trusting him. Such is the relation said to exist between the Czar and Witte. Though not given a free hand, it is seldom that his measures are disapproved. So great is the respect of his sovereign for this most resourceful of his advisers that it is said that Witte does not in emergency follow the ordinary course of submitting his proposition to his fellow-ministers, but goes directly to the Czar for his approval.

It may not be understood in America that the ordinary course of legislation in Russia is for a department to devise the plan it desires, submit it to a council of the ministers, who review it, and then put it before the Council of State, who thoroughly debate it and thresh it out. The ministry then vote upon the question, yes or no, and it is finally submitted to the Czar. As the Czar determines, so it is. And, though it is not often in recent years that the Czar overrules a united ministry, it is frequently the case that he decides with the slender minority. Such a minority Witte has more than once been. And in every instance of which I have heard his plans have been approved after dissent, and even protest, of his fellow-ministers, simply because of the sheer force of reason by which he supported his proposition.

In short, Witte has brought system, order and solidarity to the Cabinet of the Russian Czar. And in the same way he is bringing system and order into the complex chaos of commercial and industrial conditions throughout the Russian Empire. Nor does his activity stop there. It is said that Witte has eyes in every financial centre in the world.

Witte's Secret Agents in Foreign Capitals

For example, it is not generally understood, but it is true, that he has an agent in Washington not known as an attaché of the Legation, who keeps him carefully and accurately informed on all financial conditions in this country. The movements of our corporations, trusts, politicians, are all laid before this enterprising statesman of the Slav people.

He is in the councils of every Cabinet in the sense that he learns all their decisions and policies carefully and instantly. He has agents in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna; at every salient point in the Orient are the eyes of Witte. I venture the assertion that he is as carefully informed upon the financial conditions of London as the English statesmen themselves, and indeed more so, for he is more remorselessly industrious. He intends that Russia shall be in practical touch with all the rest of the world, which it is the ambition of every Russian statesman and the whole Russian people some day—perhaps in the far distance, but still some day—to dominate.

It is interesting to note that this great mind is of Dutch origin, although this is strenuously denied by the Russians, who begin to see the mountainous proportions of the man and with racial jealousy are claiming him all for themselves. Whether this is true or not, true it is that he has worked himself up, unaided, against obstacles that seem almost impossible, from the humblest of positions to the greatest. There is not a career in America which more perfectly illustrates the power of merit in building a career than does the life of the Russian Minister of Finance. His family is said to have been noble, but they were of no practical consequence. It amounts to nothing to be a nobleman in Russia.

Witte's Wonderful Rise to Power

With a fair education, Witte began as a clerk in one of the departments of the Odessa Railroad with headquarters at that port. Within a short time it was noted that he was the most competent man on the whole force. Accordingly he was given more important work. Again, he did his work better than anybody else had done it before. And so, steadily and rapidly, he rose to the management of the road.

A greater line (the Kief Railroad, if I remember rightly) then claimed his services. He was made a director and the head administrator of this line, and then was formally nominated to the Government by the directors as managing director. The Government said "Who is Witte?" and rejected him. Again the directors unanimously nominated him to the Government, and again the Government said "Who is Witte?" and rejected him. A third time, as the story runs, the directors presented him, and the Government concluded that a man thus insistently urged must have decided merit, and ratified his nomination.

As the managing director of this line he made it the best road, during his administration, in the Empire. He became an expert on railroad tariffs. He improved the roadbeds. He improved the rolling stock. He introduced rigid system. He so economized that he turned channels of expenditure into channels of revenue. The Government and all of Russia, and indeed the railroad world of Europe, could not but be impressed, and were impressed.

And so Vyshnegradsky, then Finance Minister, offered him the head of the Railroad Department of the Ministry of Finance because of his unrivaled knowledge and resource in the matter of railway tariffs. He accepted, and for a few months conducted this department with the same notable ability that had formerly marked his railway management.

Then the position of Minister of Ways and Communications became vacant, and the Czar appointed Witte, who had made himself, by effort and ability—and nothing else—the chief railway man of the Empire, to this Cabinet position. He held it for a year with brilliancy and distinction.

Then Fate yielded at last her entire favors to this man who would not be denied. The position of Minister of Finance became vacant and the Czar looked over the heads of bankers, over theoretical financiers—over all—to the practical man of affairs who knew how to create sources of revenue and how to spend that revenue economically after it had been collected. Thus Witte mounted to the high place at the right hand of the Czar. Such is the story of this patient, sleepless, ceaseless, active, stern and silent man.

To make Russia commercially and industrially modern, to make Russia absolutely self-supporting, to place Russia's treasury in as opulent condition as the reproductive forces of her people—which are so great that she turns away from her military service every year almost two hundred thousand young men—and finally to impel Russia onward toward the mastery of the world: this is the mission, this is the ambition of this master mind of that great world of men and human possibilities which we call the Russian Empire.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers on two great Russians. The second will appear next week.

SUMMER GIRLS AND IDLE FELLOWS

TEA-TABLE TALK

By Jerome K. Jerome

Copyright, 1908, by Jerome K. Jerome in the United States and Great Britain.

"I NEVER liked her," said the Old Maid; "I always knew she was heartless."

"To my thinking," said the Minor Poet, "she has shown herself a true woman."

"Really," said the Woman of the World, laughing, "I shall have to nickname you Dr. Johnson Redivivus. I believe, were the subject under discussion, you would admire the coiffure of the Furies. It would occur to you that it must have been naturally curly."

"It is the Irish blood flowing in his veins," I told them. "He must always be 'agin the government.'"

"We ought to be grateful to him," remarked the Philosopher. "What can be more uninteresting than an agreeable conversation?—I mean, a conversation where everybody is in agreement. Disagreement, on the other hand, is stimulating."

"Maybe that is the reason," I suggested, "why modern society is so tiresome an affair. By tabooing all difference of opinion we have eliminated all zest from our intercourse. Religion, sex, politics—any subject on which man really thinks is scrupulously excluded from all polite gatherings. Conversation has become a chorus; or, as a writer wittily expressed it, the pursuit of the obvious to no conclusion."

"Fashion has succeeded where Force for centuries has failed," added the Philosopher. "One notices the tendency even in public affairs. It is bad form nowadays to belong to the Opposition."

"I believe," said the Woman of the World, "that was the reason why Emily never got on with poor dear George. He agreed with her in everything. She used to say it made her feel much like a fool."

"Myself, I should hate a man who agreed with me," said the College Girl.

"My dear," replied the Woman of the World, "I don't think any would."

"I remember being present one evening," I observed, "at a dinner-party where an eminent judge met an equally eminent attorney whose client the judge that very afternoon had condemned to be hanged. 'It is always a satisfaction,' remarked to him genially the judge, 'condemning any prisoner defended by you. One feels so absolutely certain he was guilty.'"

"Who was it," asked the Philosopher, "who said: 'Before you can attack a lie, you must strip it of its truth'?"

"It sounds like Emerson," I ventured.

"Very possibly," assented the Philosopher; "very possibly not. There is much in reputation. Most poetry gets attributed to Shakespeare."

"I can't help that," said the Old Maid. "I shall always dislike a girl who deliberately sells herself for money."

"But what else is there to sell herself for?" asked the Minor Poet.

"She should not sell herself at all," retorted the Old Maid with warmth. "She should give herself for love."

"Are we not in danger of drifting into a difference of opinion concerning the meaning of words merely?" replied the Minor Poet. "We have all of us, I suppose, heard the story of the Jew clothier remonstrated with by the Rabbi for doing business on the Sabbath. 'Doing business!' retorted the accused with indignation; 'you call selling a suit like that for eighteen shillings doing business! Why, it's charity!' This 'love' for which the maiden gives herself—let us be a little more exact—does it not include, as a matter of course, material more tangible? Would not the adored one look somewhat astonished on discovering that, having given herself for 'love,' 'love' was all that her lover proposed to give for her? Would she not naturally exclaim: 'But where's the house, to say nothing of the fittings? And what are we to live on?'"

"The greater includes the less," asserted the Old Maid. "Loving her, he would naturally desire——"

"With all his worldly goods her to endow," completed for her the Minor Poet. "In other words, he pays a price for her. So far as love is concerned, they are quits. In marriage, the man gives himself to the woman as the woman gives herself to the man. Man has claimed, I am aware, greater liberty for himself; but the claim has always been vehemently repudiated by woman. She has won her case. Legally and morally now husband and wife are bound by the same laws. This being so, her contention that she gives herself falls to the ground. She exchanges herself. Over and above, she alone of the twain claims a price."

"Say a living wage," corrected the Philosopher. "Lazy rubbish lolls in petticoats, and idle stupidity struts in trousers. But, class for class, woman does her share of the world's work."

"My housekeeper came to me a few months ago," said the Woman of the World, "to tell me that my cook had given notice. 'I am sorry to hear that,' I answered; 'has she found a better place?' 'I am not so sure about that,' answered Markham; 'she's going as general servant.' 'As general servant!' I exclaimed. 'To old Hudson, at the coal wharf,' answered Markham. 'His wife died last year, if you remember. He's got seven children, poor man, and no one to look after them.' 'I suppose you mean,' I said, 'that she's marrying him.' 'Well, that's the way she puts it,' laughed Markham. 'What I tell her is, she's giving up a home and three hundred dollars a year to be a general servant on nothing a week.'"

"I recollect her," answered the Minor Poet; "a somewhat depressing lady. Let me take another case. You possess a remarkable pretty housemaid—Edith, if I have it rightly."

"I have noticed her," remarked the Philosopher. "Her manners strike me as really quite exceptional."

"I never could stand any one about me with carroty hair," remarked the College Girl.

"I should hardly call it carroty," contended the Philosopher. "There is a golden tint of much richness underlying, when you look closely."

"She is a very good girl," agreed the Woman of the World; "but I am afraid I shall have to get rid of her. The other women servants don't get on with her."

"Do you know whether she is engaged or not?" demanded the Minor Poet.

"At the present moment," answered the Woman of the World, "she is walking out, I believe, with the eldest son of the corner grocer. But she is never averse to a change. If you are really in earnest about the matter——"

"I was not thinking of myself," said the Minor Poet. "But suppose some young gentleman of personal attractions equal to those of the corner grocer, or even not quite equal, possessed of two or three thousand a year, were to enter the lists do you think the corner grocer would stand much chance?

"Among the Upper Classes," continued the Minor Poet, "opportunity for observing female instinct hardly exists. The girl's choice is confined to lovers able to pay the price demanded, if not by the beloved herself, by those acting on her behalf. But would a daughter of the Working Classes ever hesitate, other things being equal, between Fifth Avenue and Eighth Avenue?"

"Let me ask you one," chimed in the College Girl. "Would a bricklayer hesitate any longer between a duchess and a scullery-maid?"

"But duchesses don't fall in love with bricklayers," returned the Minor Poet. "Now, why not? The stockbroker flirts with the waitress—cases have been known; often he marries her. Does the lady out shopping ever fall in love with the waiter at the bun shop? Hardly ever. Lordlings marry ballet girls, but ladies rarely put their heart and fortune at the feet of the Lion Comique. Manly beauty and virtue are not confined to the House of Lords and its dependencies. How do you account for the fact that, though it is common enough for the man to look beneath him, the woman will almost invariably prefer her social superior, and certainly never tolerate her inferior? Why should King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid appear to us a beautiful legend, while Queen Cophetua and the Tramp would be ridiculous?"

"The simple explanation is," expounded the College Girl, "woman is so immeasurably man's superior that only

"I ALWAYS KNEW SHE WAS HEARTLESS"

Editor's Note—This is the third paper in this series. The fourth will appear in an early number.

by weighting him more or less heavily with worldly advantages can any semblance of balance be obtained."

"Then," answered the Minor Poet, "you surely agree with me that woman is justified in demanding this 'makeweight.' The woman gives her love, if you will. It is the art treasure, the gilded ware, thrown in with the pound of tea; but the tea has to be paid for."

"It all sounds very clever," commented the Old Maid; "yet I fail to see what good comes of ridiculing a thing one's heart tells one is sacred. All I mean, of course, is that money should not be her first consideration. Marriage for money—it is not marriage; one cannot speak of it. Of course, one must be reasonable."

"You mean," persisted the Minor Poet, "you would have her think also of her dinner, of her clothes, her necessities, luxuries."

"It is not only for herself," answered the Old Maid.

"For whom?" demanded the Minor Poet.

The white hands of the Old Maid fluttered on her lap, revealing her trouble; for of the old school is this sweet friend of mine.

"There are the children to be considered," I explained. The Old Maid smiled on me her thanks.

"It is where I was leading," said the Minor Poet. "Woman has been appointed by Nature the trustee of the children. It is her duty to think of them, to plan for them."

"Before you go further," interrupted the Philosopher, "there is an important point to be considered. Are children better or worse for a pampered upbringing? Is not poverty often the best school?"

"It is what I always tell James," remarked the Woman of the World, "when he grumbles at the tradesmen's books. If papa could only have seen his way to being a poor man I feel I should have been a better wife."

"'The best mothers make the worst children,'" quoted the College Girl. "I intend to bear that in mind."

"Your mother was a very beautiful character—one of the most beautiful I ever knew," remarked the Old Maid.

"There is some truth in the saying," agreed the Minor Poet, "but only because it is the exception; and Nature invariably puts forth all her powers to counteract the result of deviation from her laws. Were it the rule, then the bad mother would be the good mother, and the good mother the bad mother. And——"

"Please don't go on," said the Woman of the World.

"I was merely going to show," explained the Minor Poet, "that all roads lead to the law that the good mother is the best mother."

"Do you seriously ask us to believe," demanded the Old Maid, "that the type of woman who does marry for money considers for a single moment any human being but herself?"

"Not consciously, perhaps," admitted the Minor Poet. "Our instincts, that they may guide us easily, are purposely made selfish. The flower secretes honey not with any sense of charity toward the bee. Man works, as he thinks, for beer and baccy; in reality, for the benefit of unborn generations. The woman, in acting selfishly, is assisting Nature's plans."

"Do men never marry for money?" inquired the College Girl. "I ask merely for information. Maybe I have been misinformed, but I have heard of countries where the *dot* is considered of almost more importance than the bride."

YOUNG LIEUTENANTS ARE MOST EXPENSIVE

"The German officer," I ventured to strike in, "is literally on sale. Young lieutenants are most expensive, and even an elderly colonel sometimes costs a girl as much as a hundred thousand marks."

"You mean," corrected me the Minor Poet, "costs her father or grandfather. Nature has constituted man the wealth producer; woman, its recipient and dispenser. In the case of the heiress, the marriage contract has been antedated, the business has been accomplished for her by some shrewd ancestress. And with her the principle of sale and purchase, if I may be forgiven the employment of common terms, is still more religiously enforced. It is not often that the heiress is given away; stolen she may be occasionally, much to the indignation of Lord Chancellors and other guardians of such property; the thief is very properly punished—imprisoned, if need be. If handed over legitimately, her price is strictly exacted, not always in money—that she possesses herself, maybe in sufficiency; it enables her to bargain for other advantages no less serviceable to her children—for title, peace, position."

"I cannot argue with you," said the Old Maid. "I know one case. They were both poor; it would have made no difference to her, but it did to him. Maybe I am wrong, but it seems to me that, as you say, our instincts are given us to guide us."

"I remember a case," said the Woman of the World. "Like the woman you speak of, she was poor, but one of the sweetest creatures I have ever known. I cannot help thinking it would have been good for the world had she been a mother."

"My dear lady," cried the Minor Poet, "you help me!"

"I always do, according to you," laughed the Woman of the World. "I appear to resemble the bull that tossed the small boy high into the apple-tree he had been trying all the afternoon to climb."

"It is very kind of you," answered the Minor Poet. "My argument is that woman is justified in regarding marriage as the end of her existence, the particular man as but a means. The woman you speak of acted selfishly, rejecting the crown of womanhood because not tendered to her by hands she had chosen."

"You would have us marry without love?" asked the College Girl.

"With love, if possible," answered the Minor Poet; "without, rather than not at all. It is the fulfillment of the woman's law."

"You would make of us mere chattels," cried the College Girl.

"I would make of you what you are," returned the Minor Poet, "the priestesses of Nature's temple, leading man to the worship of her mysteries. An American humorist has described marriage as the craving of some young man to pay for some young woman's board and lodging. There is no escaping from this definition; let us accept it. It is beautiful, so far as the young man is concerned. He sacrifices himself, deprives himself, that he may give. That is love. But from the woman's point of view. If she accept, thinking only of herself, then it is a sordid bargain on her part. To understand her, to be just to her, we must look deeper. She gives herself not *to* her lover, but *through* her lover to the great Goddess of the Myriad Breasts that shadows ever with her guardian wings Life from the outstretched hand of Death."

"She may be a nice enough girl from Nature's point of view," said the Old Maid; "but I shall never like her."

THE MILLIONAIRES

By David Graham Phillips

The Dizzy Rise of Daily Expenditure in the Smart Set. The Late Pierre Lorillard's Estimate of a Comfortable Income. Some Actual Items from the Millionaire's Budget

YOU stand in front of an enormous dam. Its walls rise bare and sheer. Not a drop of water is running over it. You say: "There is very little water behind the dam." As you speak, the dam is, as if by magic, changed into a great waterfall, the waterfall into a Niagara. And you go around to where you can see the other side of the dam, and you find a lake fathoms deep and extending for miles up the valley.

Precisely that phenomenon occurred in this country, and especially in the city of New York, its financial, commercial and industrial capital, about twelve years ago. Behind the dam of established customs of simplicity and frugality the tide of wealth had been rising, rising for generations. Suddenly it overflowed in a waterfall of luxurious living; and to-day the waterfall has become a Niagara.

Luxury and extravagance are submerging simplicity and frugality the country through. In New York the spectacle is astounding.

Fifteen years ago there were only a few mansions—four or five at most—in New York City that could truthfully be called palaces; to-day there are more than a hundred palaces, and hardly a week passes without announcement of a new one of equal or surpassing splendor. Fifteen years ago there were not in all a score of palacelike hotels, apartment houses and business buildings; to-day there are many hundreds of these wonderful structures of marble and granite over iron, each costing, with its equipment, decorations and furnishings, from two to five millions. And the city—business quarters and industrial, rich quarters and poor—is in a state of chaotic upheaval, so furiously are they tearing down the New York that was new twenty years ago and replacing it with a New York, in every quarter and every street, significant of the presence of colossal wealth, of stupendous private fortunes, of an unprecedented and unbelievable number of great incomes.

A decade ago the number of private equipages on New York's streets was noticeably small, and their appointments extremely modest. To-day, Fifth Avenue and Central Park, from September to mid-June, are thronged with handsome private carriages, notably costly in all the details of harness and upholstery, the servants in expensive and often gaudy liveries; and the multitude of women, thus triumphantly driving, are dressed in beautiful gowns and hats and wraps, and frequently display fortunes in furs and jewels. And the sidewalks, even the sidewalks of humbler Fourteenth Street and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, are filled with more multitudes of women, clad in a manner that would have been deemed extravagant within ten years.

As for the shops, it seems only yesterday that you found only in the fashionable shops the costly luxuries, and there in small quantities and very carefully handled. To-day the shops where the masses buy are more luxurious than were most of the best shops ten years ago. And in the best shops you are dazzled and overwhelmed by the careless torrent of luxury—enormous quantities, enormous prices, throngs of customers. Twenty-five dollars for a pair of shoes, fifteen dollars for a pair of stockings, two hundred dollars for a hat, one thousand dollars for a hat-pin or parasol, fifteen hundred for a small gold bottle for a woman's dressing-table, thirty or forty thousand for a tiara, a hundred thousand for a string of pearls—these are prices which salesmen will give you with the air of one who tells an oft-told tale.

Why has an income of ten thousand a year become a mere competence in New York City to-day? Why do the families with ten times ten thousand regard themselves as far from rich? Why do enough New Yorkers to make a populous city regard it as a privation if they cannot keep at least two servants, one of them a man-servant, and ride in cabs and have a country place in summer?

The explanation is—the multi-millionaire.

There are in New York City to-day upward of a thousand fortunes of two or more millions. About one-fourth of these are of more than ten millions. There are no less than forty-eight fortunes of more than forty millions, upward of a dozen of them more than seventy-five millions, and half a dozen of them lie between seventy-five millions and the mountainous aggregation of the Oil King—three-quarters of a billion, with an income of not less than forty-five millions a year.

There is no way of estimating the number of fortunes of from three-quarters of a million to two millions. The income of a million dollars, safely invested, is about forty thousand a year. Many men—several thousands of men—have from

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of papers on the life, surroundings and expenditures of wealthy New Yorkers. The second will appear in an early number.

their profession or their business annual incomes, available for living expenses, of forty thousand or thereabouts; yet their holdings of property are small. But they belong in the millionaire class because they spend money like millionaires.

It is the multi-millionaires who set and force the pace—the families with incomes of more than a quarter of a million a year. "A man with a hundred thousand a year," said the late Pierre Lorillard, "is in the unhappy position where he can see what a good time he could have if only he had the money." And he added that easy circumstances meant "a thousand dollars a day—and expenses."

Properly and comfortably to live in the style which New York most envies and admires and encourages, a family should have an income of three-quarters of a million at least. But by economy and abstention from too great self-indulgence, and by Spartan resistance of any fascinating temptations, they may keep up the appearances of a very high degree of luxury on a quarter of a million a year. Of course, they can't have very many or very grand houses; they must not think of racing stables; they would do well to keep out of yachts; they must be satisfied to see themselves frequently and far outshone in jewels and in entertainments; they must keep down their largess, their benevolences—it is "bad form" for a New York millionaire not to have his department of philanthropy nowadays. But they can have a small house in town, one or two more in the country, can entertain creditably if they do not entertain too often, and can live—if they are prudent—free from the harassments of money-cares.

The quickest way to get at the reason for this curious state of affairs that may seem to many a flamboyant jest rather than a conservatively presented reality, is to look at the life of the typical New York multi-millionaire of the extravagant class. There are multi-millionaires, scores of them, who do not belong in this extravagant class; but there are not so many outside of it now as there were five years ago.

The Typical Wealthy New Yorker

Our up-to-date, luxury-hunting, luxury-teaching multi-millionaire has a fortune which is estimated at thirty millions, but is ten millions more or less in the widest fluctuations of the stock market. His income is about a million and a half a year, but he usually spends three-quarters of a million and relies upon speculation to put him in funds for extraordinary expenditures, such as a new house, a large gift to education or charity, a large purchase of pictures or jewels.

As human beings compare themselves only with those in better circumstances, he counts himself poor rather than rich—his fellow-citizens, the Oil King and the Copper King and the Steel King and the Sugar King and the Tobacco King and the Real Estate King, etc., etc., are what he calls rich. He thinks he is unlucky rather than lucky, and he shuns men of smaller fortunes and no fortune unless he has known them long, because he suspects that he is usually sought with a view to exploitation—and he is not far from right. He thinks he is opposed to ostentation, and severely criticises his neighbors and loudly lauds frugality.

He has a wife who is forty-five years old and passes for thirty. They have a son who has been out of college four years and, after learning enough of business to supervise a fortune, has settled down to the life of a "gentleman"; a daughter who came out last winter and who is being guarded by her mother, her companion, her aunt and her sophisticated self against the wiles of fortune-hunters wearing Cupid's livery; a son who is a sophomore at Harvard; a daughter nine years old.

They have three fixed and six or seven temporary residences.

First, there is the palace in Fifth Avenue where the family is united for a few weeks in each year. It is closed from the first of June until the first of October, and when the various members of the family make flying trips into New York they take a suite at the Waldorf-Astoria or Sherry's. Second, there is the "cottage" at Newport, about the same size as the palace in Fifth Avenue. Most of the family usually spend the greater part of the summer there. Third, there is the large, new house on Long Island, twenty-five miles from New York, where several members of the family spend part of the spring and the fall. Luxurious New Yorkers are becoming more and more susceptible to the changes of season. They are emulating, though as yet at a distance, the smart set of Juvenal's Rome, with their summer and winter finger rings.

Our family have a small house at a fashionable place in North Carolina; the mother and eldest son go there for part of February and March. They have a thousand acres and a comfortable house in the Adirondacks—the head of the family likes to shoot and fish. They have a place in the Berkshire Hills—but they do not go there now, and they are thinking of selling it. The wife has an apartment in Paris—she must be sure of comfort when she goes over for her shopping. Every few years they take a big house in Mayfair for the season, and go on to Scotland for the shooting. Then there is the steam yacht, an ocean greyhound—last year it cost them sixty thousand dollars for maintenance and a few repairs and refittings. The grown son has persuaded his father to start a racing stable—a small one with fifteen or twenty thoroughbreds. His trainer costs him ten thousand dollars a year and his jockey five thousand more, as a retaining fee. The father estimates the cost of this addition to the family expense at one hundred thousand dollars a year—he hopes this will include betting losses.

Ten years ago this family had only a small house in town—small by comparison—and the beautiful palace on the Ocean Drive at Newport. But they do not feel that they are now extravagant. Wherever they go they find people of their own set and a good many "rank outsiders" doing the same things that they are doing, and they find many doing things which they would think far beyond their means. For example, a man has just paid two hundred and eighty thousand dollars for a string of pearls for his wife. Our multi-millionaire regards that as an extravagance. He thinks his own wife's string, which cost one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, represents the limit of prudent expenditure for such a purpose. And those of their friends whom they regard as comparatively poor—the people with from fifty to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year—are pushing them on by concentrating where they scatter. They meet different groups of these moderately well-off people at different points in their annual round; and each group is living almost as well, in some respects better, than they are at that particular point. True, So-and-So's house in town is a small affair on a side street, but his place at Newport (he concentrates upon it) is far finer than their Newport place. And so on.

There must be no standing still. There must be progress. The standards, all the standards—house, dress, equipage, number and liveries of servants, jewels, works of art, sports, gifts—are rising, rising. Each year more and even more must be spent, unless one is to fall behind, lose one's rank, be mingled with the crowd that is ever pressing on and trying to catch up.

Let us look at the millionaire's town house.

The Marble Palace in Fifth Avenue

It is a palace of white marble, in Fifth Avenue near Fifty-ninth Street—the view across the Park from the upper windows is superb. This palace was the inaugural of the family's recent fashionable career. It is the struggle to live up to it that is making them famous in New York.

Before they built it they had regarded themselves, and had been regarded, as very fine people indeed. They lived in a big red brick house in Madison Avenue and spent a hundred thousand a year. Suddenly—about six years ago—they found that they had fallen far to the rear. People with half their fortune and half their income were living in palaces overlooking the Park. The children were being humiliated by superior remarks of their associates. The wife was the first to speak the family thought decisively, and the husband's opposition was perfunctory, though apparently violent.

The palace was to have cost them a million, including the site. Up to the present time it has cost them two and a half millions, and that does not include the one-hundred-and-seventy-five-thousand-dollar set of tapestries for the dining-room which is on its way from Europe. The site cost half a million; the house three-quarters of a million; the rest went for furniture, and it still looks bare to the family. There are one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in paintings and statuary in the entrance hall, fifty thousand dollars in paintings, statuary, etc., in the rest of the house. Two hundred thousand dollars could easily be spent without overcrowding. The furniture, thinly scattered in the long and lofty salon, cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—it is amazing how fast the money disappears once one goes in for old furniture.

As you look around these show-rooms—the vast entrance hall, the enormous dining-room, the great library, the salon which is used as a ballroom, the comparatively small and exquisitely furnished reception-rooms—you are struck by the absence of individual taste. You are in a true palace—the dwelling-place, but in no sense the home, of people of great wealth and refinement, but of no marked æsthetic development. They have the money and, to a certain extent, the faculty of appreciation; but others have supplied the active, the creative brains.

You go up the grand stairway and at the turn pause to look down at the magnificent rug which almost covers the floor of the entrance hall, up at the splendid painting which adorns the ceiling. The owner—you know him well—tells you that each cost twenty-five thousand dollars. And then he takes you into his wife's living-rooms. She is out-of-town.

Mrs. Million's Living-Rooms

She lives in five great rooms—a sitting-room, a dressing-room, a bedroom, a room where her clothes—quantities of dresses, hats, wraps, boots, shoes, slippers, drawers full of the finest underclothing—are kept, and a bathroom. She is very crowded, she will tell you. For instance, where is her secretary to sit and work when she wishes to use her sitting-room to talk privately with a son or a daughter or some intimate friend? You look around these rooms and again you note the absence of individual taste. Madame is always on the wing; she has no time to impress herself upon her immediate surroundings. But a very capable artist has been at work and has not neglected the opportunities which his freedom in the matter of money opened to him. He has created several marvelous color schemes through harmonious shadings in rugs, upholstery, the brocade coverings of the walls, the curtains, the woodwork and ceilings. You are not surprised that a hundred thousand dollars went in making suitable surroundings for a lady of fashion and fortune. You know that there are several dozen suites as expensive as this within gunshot and scores almost as expensive within a radius of half a mile.

If she were here there would be on that dressing-table five or six thousand dollars in gold articles—brushes, combs, hand-mirrors—each gold and rock-crystal hand-mirror cost seven hundred and fifty dollars—bottles, button-hooks, etc., etc. If she were here there would be in that safe at least fifty thousand dollars in jewelry—a small part of what she has, the rest being at the safety deposit vaults.

What has she? The string of pearls that hangs below her waist—she no longer thinks well of it, there are so many more costly and more beautiful; a tiara which cost thirty thousand dollars, thanks to the large ruby for which the diamonds are the setting—a spray of diamonds and sapphires for the front of her evening waist—it cost fifteen thousand; a collar of diamonds and rubies that cost twenty thousand; rings, earrings, pins and other trifles that, together, cost perhaps a hundred thousand. She has less than half a million, all told, in jewels. She regards it as a pauper showing and never dresses for the opera that she does not complain. The two marvels of this suite of hers are the bed and the bathtub. The bed is on a raised platform in a sort of alcove. The canopy and curtains are of a wonderful shade of violet silk. The counterpane and roll-cover are of costly lace. The headboard and footboard are two splendid paintings—one of sleep, the other of awakening. You think nine thousand dollars was cheap for this bed, even without canopy, lace and other fineries.

The bathtub. It is cut from a solid block of white marble and is sunk in the marble floor of her huge bathroom. It is a small swimming pool, and its plumbing is silver plated with gold. On the floor of the room at the step down into the tub there is a great white bear-skin, and there is another in front of the beautiful little dressing-table. Three palms rise from the floor and tower—real trees—toward the lofty ceiling.

THE HOMES OF SOME NEW YORK MILLIONAIRES

Residence George J. Gould, East 67th Street

Residence H. O. Havemeyer

Mrs. Caroline Astor, John Jacob Astor

The Salving of the Beloochistan

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

THE RETURN WIRE CAME ABOUT FOUR

A Tale to Show that a Soulless Corporation May Have a Temper. The Long-fought Feud of the C.C.C. and the R.L.S., with its Unexpected Ending

THERE is a popular belief that the union of two big rival corporations is commonly consummated in a spirit of brutal and immoral arrogance. "Alone we be each of us mighty," whisper the shameless contracting parties, "but together—would we not swiftly do the business of all the little fellows? Come now; let us straightway unite and slay them!" And certainly that is the logic of it if you reason from the premise that corporations are machines and have no souls. The present tale is not written to prove or preach anything; removing its blind of altered names, places, and kindred minor matters, it is a rather undignified chapter of modern marine history. But none the less it does go to show, however indirectly, that if corporations have no souls they may at least have tempers, and very bad ones, too; and also that when they unite it need not be in a conspiracy of cool-brained, heartless machination, but, perhaps, very much as two fighting gutter-snipes, whose heads have been knocked together, will immediately join in a common aching fury against the too masterful peacemaker.

Every year Lloyds have to report disaster to some six hundred thousand tons of shipping—this taking no count of anything under three figures. To save as much of this as may be, in the last quarter-century many great wrecking and salvage companies have grown up. No considerable commercial power is without several of them. Associated with them are the most experienced divers and the most skillful submarine mechanics. In their dockyards are to be found the most powerful tugs and towing gear, pontoons, marine derricks and hoisting tackle in the world. They have fire-fighting engines which could brim a burning tramper to the scuppers in an hour, and centrifugal pumps which would take only half that time to empty her.

The "beat" of a wrecking company may extend over one hundred or ten thousand miles of shore-line, and its lookout is kept up by a chain of paid beachmen, "hovellers," light-house tenders and fishermen; in some cases even a private telephone and telegraph service is maintained. The United States can boast a company whose local force keeps watch and ward over almost its whole eastern coast, and whose foreign "patrol" covers in a fashion large but adequate the ten million square miles of the Gulf, Caribbean and South American Atlantic. Europe's greatest salvage corporation is the "Neptun" of Stockholm and Hamburg. Not only does it harbor in the Baltic a fleet of tugs capable of taking the whole German navy in tow, but it also maintains wrecking craft in the Mediterranean able to do the same for the navies of the two southern members of the Triple Alliance. It is the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd of salvage companies, and is envied, hated and feared by all others in Europe, and particularly by the English. This will be recalled later.

In 189- the two most powerful British companies were the Royal Liverpool Salvage Association, and the Chartered Conservancy Company of London and Dover—best known as the "R. L. S." and the "C. C. C." They each possessed a coast and a foreign service, and they loathed each other with the strength of both. Their hostility to the Neptun "Dutchmen" was partly a patriotic emotion, and as such was tempered and qualified by their kindred contempt for their French rivals of the Channel. But on their own happy shores they were the two "big fellows" of the profession—the only companies to which Lloyds could intrust heavy operations. And therefore the force and frequency of their collisions were as those of large, well-fed rams roaming belligerent over the same pastures.

They were alike in being "one-man" companies, though both owned equipments they could have traded for small transatlantic freight lines. Scientific salving is an "infant industry," and neither of them had as yet aged to the dignity of boards of directors and managing engineers. Captain McCuaig, of the "R. L. S.," had built up his business in the energetic fifteen years he had been out of the merchant service, and he was still very much his own "wreck-master." Captain Viggers' position in the "C. C. C." was almost the same; if anything, he was a little more of the "one man." The staffs of both companies, too, were made up of old men of the sea, and hence they brought to their commercial feud that salt and bitter "rastiness" which so dubiously distinguishes their kind. Both companies covered much the same foreign service, and therefrom greater contentions and hotter angers came. Nor had they that easing phlebotomy of an occasional blood-letting in the law courts. For, when they had raced each other southward to a ship in trouble, the very stress and urgency of the situation put her in the hands of the first to reach her; and if any argument over her *did* arise, it was patently the prerogative of Lloyds or her owners to settle the matter. The rejected "salvers" might turn homeward, reckoning up how much they were out by the run. They had their *casus belli*, but no manner of making war.

It was in indirect ways alone that they could show how measureless was their mutual abhorrence and contempt. The "R. L. S." had never abandoned the use of pontoons and "camels," for the very sufficient reason that Viggers of the "C. C. C." had shown an active bias toward the hoisting power of derricks. He on his part vastly preferred snapping many hawsers, of twenty inches' girth, with hemp at half a shilling a pound, to following McCuaig in the use of the new, practically unbreakable, six-inch "combination wires."

The "R. L. S." did its smaller under-sea patching work with rubber, principally because the "C. C. C." did it with felt. And as for those who put the patches on, it was commonly said that if two of the rival divers met in the silent deep they would incontinently kick each other's face-plates in, and die together in one glorious, implacable and eternal grip!

II

THE English shores make grimly good wrecking, but from the Solway to the Scillys, from the Forth to the Goodwins, and even from the length of the South Coast itself, wrapped in fog as it was, for a week before July 10, 189–, not a call came to either "C. C. C." or "R. L. S." But Lloyds' "lookout" covers more than British waters; the dotted line of the great agency's ten thousand watchers is no inaccurate reproduction of the coast-line of this round world—and they give it a tongue as well as eyes. Just at dusk of that July the Tenth, one Harter, the fat, limping "Ll. Ag." who chummed with the little French "weatherman" at L'Ouessant, sent in a two-word wire which awoke his own home office and the offices of the two big wrecking companies as if a steam siren had been blown in at their windows:

BELOOCHISTAN ASHORE

The Beloochistan—the Eurasian Line's new sixteen-thousand-tonner, the seven-hundred-thousand-pound Empress of the Orient! If you have ever been in a metropolitan fire station at midnight when "jigger" and gong explode together in first, second and general alarms, not at intervals but madly following each other in such a frenzy of haste that the captain sets his twitching jaws, and orders blinking men and plunging horses with fierce jerks of the arm alone; if you have ever been in a big prospecting camp when word came in of gold struck for miles up and down the next cañon—put those two ineffaceable impressions together and you will have the offices and dock-yards of the "R. L. S." on that hot midsummer evening. In forty-five minutes the Lilian was heading out of the Mersey. If her speed—and she was a destroyer model—could get "first line" on the great steamship for the Liverpool company, her big, but slower, fellow-craft, the Scylla and Charybdis, already casting off with their hundred tons of towing wires, winches, and kedge anchors, would join with her to do the rest. Then, with the work well done, there would be time enough for the discussion of a certain small matter, which would be settled by agreement, arbitration or—as oftenest—by the Admiralty Courts. In the meantime the Lilian was made to "sweat her boilers" as she never had before. The "C. C. C.'s" Dover tug, the Perseus, had only five knots to her six to go, but her screws would do something toward closing that gaping difference. All that night the steam ran from the Lilian's valves in a long, unbroken hiss, and next morning she was speeding across the Channel, one pulsing throb of fierce and nervous "racing heart."

As they swept into L'Ouessant about four in the afternoon a wraithy curtain was slowly lifting from that granite coast-line. McCuaig was first to make out the stranded leviathan. She lay bedded among the rocks with her nose far in to shore; she was like some great sea-beast, some mighty, sprawling sow of ocean half surrounded by her young. But the smaller craft close nuzzling her were still mist-wrapped and indistinct, and the gasping Lilian's siren raised up its voice in aching interrogation.

"Boo-oo, boo-oo, boo-gah-h!" The answer came in a bray of exultation from the hateful throat of the Perseus!

McCuaig answered the salute of the little Brest revenue cutter with savage shortness, and pushed in through the ill-smelling fishing-boats to the Beloochistan. By the astonishing steersmanship of chance she had been beached in a kind of lane between two half-sunken, gray-green "hog's backs"; if she were cushioned on sand, and if that doldrum weather held, there was every chance for her. He went aboard, and learned that she *was* on sand, and her bilge as yet told no tale of strain or gash. Passengers and mails had gone on to London by rail. The "C. C. C." expected their three London tugs hourly, and counted on making their pull with the noon tide next day.

When a sixteen-thousand-tonner strands herself and takes no harm, Fortune must feel that she has done altogether generously by her, and she will indubitably expect her human guardians to do the rest. And the thing to do is to move Heaven and Earth and the Great Deep to get her off with the first high water. For even in the deadest sail-flapping calm of mid-July a hundred little eddying currents will begin to slide and mine and suck the sand from beneath her stern and forward from along her keel; and it will not be many days till some six or eight thousand tons of her are resting on nothing at all. What will happen next you may see in little if you hold out a lady's rubber by the broad of the toe. The heel drops down, the sides pull in, it becomes a thing unlovely, formless, back-broken. The Beloochistan would be more dignifiedly deliberate, but give her only time enough, and she'd break *her* back with the certainty of mathematical calculation. In the meantime, too, the first big hot-weather thunderstorm would roll in a surf that would lift and drop her twenty times to the hour, till her plates scissored together and her rivets sheared through by the whimpering thousand. To add to these considerations she lay between rocks which, if she dared to shift or roll, would lay her open as a fighting bull gores a fallen horse.

Viggers, of the "C. C. C.," knew all this. By dusk his Proteus, Peneus and Peleus had joined him; he had his "power"—and the hawsers to put it in harness—and he went to work forthwith and swiftly. By the end of six hours he had sunk four great kedges in the deep water two cables' lengths to seaward, and had carried his hempen twenty-inchers from them to the liner's stern. When her elephantine winches had drawn them to the stretch, once her grip of the sand was broken she would go to them as naturally as a tired arm follows the elastics back to the exerciser. And next morning the four big "C. C. C." tugs, five times the size and ten times the horse-power of common harbor propellers, one by one backed in to her. A mile more of twenty-inchers

went to their uncouth hitching, and they got awkwardly into line in the thrust of the incoming tide. Viggers had the promise that the Beloochistan's engines would give him all the help they dared. All he could ask for more was 'a hatful of wind to loosen her up for the business, but'—and he spat into the level sea contemptuously—'he had the power for it without.'

Half an hour before high tide the pull began. McCuaig watched it from the fretting Lilian. A bedlam of encouraging bells and whistles and bawlings—and the four pairs of ponderous hawsers groaning astrain—tumbling volumes of smoke which darkened the glare of the midday sun to redness—and the great lines stiff as bar iron—the water of the bay whipped and whirled into pitching rapids—and the hemp bellowing like Laocoön! Five, ten, fifteen minutes! The "R. L. S." wreck-master's sullen moodiness had changed to a griping inward joy. At the half-hour he bared his gums and smote the rail ecstatically. "They canna budge her! By the Etairnal, they canna!"

The tide had turned now, and every minute of its ebb gave back a hundred tons to the weltering weight of the Beloochistan. A quarter-hour more and the matter was settled. The Lilian's siren rioted up and down the scale in a long skirl of delight. The Brest and L'Ouessant craft, mistaking it for the voice of sympathy, kept it up for another ten minutes. Viggers foamed inadequate Cockney oaths, and struck furiously at his mate for asking for the word to slacken off. He cursed his boats and kept them in harness for another pull with the tide at midnight.

The moon did not cool him, and he began it with a crazy, mad-bull rush. The port hawser of the Perseus, though thick as an elephant's foot, was gray-old and water-rotted, and it snapped like a basting-thread. Its short end removed the top of the pilot-house much as a well-cracked coach-whip smashes a horse-fly. By the mercy of Heaven, Wheelman Herrick had only an arm and collar-bone broken. But the second pull ended there. McCuaig jumped up and down. "Losh!" he groaned in the fullness of his joy, "they micht as well be a-getherin' o' water-buzzies fashin' theirsel's to pu' Ben Nevis into Loch Linne!" And he bade the Scylla and Charybdis tarry till he further ordered.

That day's work had other observers, too. Their report of it to London brought Viggers a message from Lloyds next morning which set him to work again with a face mottled with rage. When he had been some ten minutes at this, the third pull, another hawser broke. *It* all but killed the second engineer of the Beloochistan, and her captain went rabid in his turn. He had Harter into his cabin, and together they brewed a communication which was warm. It went both to the Agency and the offices of the Eurasian Line.

It came back to Viggers some two hours later, and it had not cooled by being sent the long way around the table. It was a fiery draft! After he had swallowed it he sat gulping, and made no preparations for the next tide. When he turned his head the Lilian was framed in his starboard window, and at every sight of her the green arose in his throat poisonously. But, however hateful, she represented the inevitable, and he had to come to it. The fall of night helped him. About nine he had himself pulled across into the enemy's water and went aboard her. Glaring frightfully the while at the gaping McCuaig, he offered to hire the three "R. L. S." tugs for the balance of the week! He named a figure thrice ordinary towing rates.

When McCuaig got words he burst into a hoarse, crowing shout. "Hoo, Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" He walked to the side, spat, and came back to gloat over him again. "Hoo, *hoo-oo!* So it's mair horse-poo-er ye got to get, is it?"

Viggers made no audible answer.

"It's mair horse-poo-er, eh? And o' coorse when Lloyds gie ye their ooltimatum, they told ye to tak' moonths ower it; they told ye to gae back to Lunnon and bide till new hawsers were made, did they na?" He worked forward his tortoise neck in ferocious delight. "And o' coorse ye made answer that ye'd use 'R. L. S.' help or ye'd use none other—o' coorse ye did!"

"*No!*" exploded Viggers, blowing all tact and wisdom into mid-channel. "*No.* Hi kime to you hout of 'avin' no ch'ice, and well you know it! But Hi'm talkin' business, not haskin' fyvors—Hi'll let you know that, too! Hif you want my money, spike quick, and you can 'ave it. Hif you don't, tike your bowts back to Liverpool, and be double damned to you!"

McCuaig chuckled evilly. "Eh, mon, but ye've a fell temptin' tongue; ye're a lurin' persuader, I'll say that for ye. And I'd *like* to pool the Beelook aff for ye with my horse-poo-er; I'd like *fine* to do it! But this week I've gi'en mysel' to the obsairvation of scienteefic salvin', and I'm prafitin' far too muckle to let mysel' be interruptit."

Viggers held himself in for a long minute. When he did speak it was in a venomously sneering snarl. "You talk as hif your dirty mud-tows could do the job alown!"

"And may be they can," answered McCuaig levelly.

"'*M'y be, m'y be!*'" he choked. "W'y don't you s'y 'no doubt'?"

"I'll say na doot ye daurna let me try," continued the Scotchman, even-voiced as ever.

"Hi dare!" screamed Viggers. "Hi dare! And, by the Lord, Hi'll give you the dare back, too! Tike next tide at 'er—tike the next two—and if she's not yours by then, your bowts 'ire to me to the week-hend! Now, McQuigue, *now*, seein' as you're so good at darin', *Hi* dare *you!*"

"And I tak' ye," said the "R. L. S." wreck-master, and breathed long. "Please to noteefy yon mud-stuck behemoth that we put oor lines on her the morrow morn!"

III

IT WAS McCuaig's boast that he had never yet bent a line to anything he hadn't moved; and that the Beloochistan went some ten thousand tons heavier than any ordinary job gave him no pause. On a challenge from Viggers he would probably have engaged to tow Windsor Castle across to France. And while his method of working differed almost not at all from that of the "C. C. C.," three things gave him no little advantage. His triplet of tugs pulled 4600, to 4200 for Viggers' four; he had one less to manage—a matter counting double from the awkwardness of the liner's slanting position; and his six-inch rubber-cored "wires," while of "give" sufficient to save any sudden tearing out of bitts, were strong enough to rein up an avalanche. His men looked for reeking boilers and screeching lines next morning—and they got them.

But they had to pull against something more than dead weight, fifteen or twenty million pounds of it though there was. In her three days of settling, the ponderous liner had worked deeper and deeper into the sand-covered clay till now every inch of her bottom forward was gripping and gluing to it like the suckers of an octopus. What this meant in foot-tons it would be hard to calculate. Enough to know that without the shouldering wrench and lift of great waves to help, the "R. L. S." had little chance of breaking such a clutch. The second, third and fourth pulls—the last with a falling tide—only made more manifest what the first had proved: McCuaig could not move her. But he could no more give it up. He said nothing; in his sullen, bulldog rage he banked the fires which consumed him. And he came back at it five, six, seven times, till the Lilian's stokers, throwing down their scoops, cried out that it was hell-fire feeding; and her engineer, swearing that he would not cut the babbitt out of her shafting for all the Eurasian Line, savagely eased off his pressure.

"NOW, McQUIGUE, *NOW*, SEEIN' AS YOU'RE SO GOOD AT DARIN', *HI* DARE *YOU!*"

The "R. L. S." master was standing by his winches, not heeding the cooking glare of the noonday sun, and breathing chokingly as if he had made the pull with his own chest and shoulders, when Viggers, with Harter and a Lloyds' "Special," direct from the head office, pushed in to him on the Perseus. It was the "C. C. C." captain's triumph, but he did not seem able to get any great satisfaction out of it. "'Eavier than hall London, eyn't she?" he shouted, and his voice astonished him, for there was in it the sympathy of the fellow-craftsman who understands.

McCuaig, however, in his dourness, only writhed under it. "Ah've another tide yet," he answered thickly, and turned away to his cabin.

The "Special" looked from one to the other in a kind of slowly comprehending amazement: fifteen minutes later he was in the L'Ouessant telegraph office. And he was joined within the hour by the captain and chief engineer of the Beloochistan, still husky from a gathering of her officers, who had roared profanely to Heaven for the blood of "R. L. S." and "C. C. C." alike. The two messages together made reading which promised a swift and definite reply.

The return wire came about four. It read:

> Request Royal Liverpool and Chartered Conservancy act together at once and until completion operations. If unwilling, call Neptun, Hamburg.

The "Special" carried the message first to McCuaig, handing it to him without comment. He stared at it bovinely, swallowed dry some three or four times, and swore a great oath in the rasping Gaelic of his boyhood. Then he stopped. Whether it was the realization of how completely his fortunes were in the hands of Lloyds and what their introduction of the German competition must inevitably mean, or whether it was the sudden saving recollection of the "C. C. C." man's tone that afternoon, he put the telegram unsteadily back into the "Special's" white, well-trimmed hand, and said with a fierce guttural of finality: "Tak' it t' Viggers. Ah leave it t' him."

Viggers took the paper less tragically, for with him it was, in a way, already discounted. And indeed, for the moment, in his semi-paralysis at the attitude of McCuaig, he could not really do justice to the baseness of the threat of a Teutonic invasion. But when expression did come to him, it came with the boiling rush of the "go-devil" exploded "gusher." If the Beloochistan were not snatched from the polluting touch of the loathly Neptuners it would most certainly not be the fault of the "C. C. C."

IV

IF YOU imagine that there was any reconciliation when McCuaig and Viggers met aboard the big liner that evening—any mute, convulsive grasping of rough hands, or any half-choked attempts at utterance—you are in the greatest error. They were not that kind. They did not even look at each other. The Beloochistan's chief engineer acted for both of them; they talked to him, and when they had to exchange ideas he acted as their transmitter. But if there was no acknowledgment of their alliance, the pull they joined in on the morning following was on that account not a whit less mighty.

And they made it not a tide too soon. The sweltering weather had already lasted days too long for any knowing seafarer's peace of mind, and with the dawn the storm-balls were above the L'Ouessant signal bureau. Harter brought them definite information while they were still testing the clutch of their kedges. "Area of depression over half of Spain," he said nervously, "and a regular cyclone knocking the corners off Cape Ortegal. We're due to get the first of it within ten hours. So, for Heaven's sake, cut loose and fling yourselves!"

If the Beloochistan heard him and was terrified, the megaphone trumpetingly a-bellow from her deck was the voice of her leviathan fear and helplessness. But the "cronk" and clank of winch-drum and toggle-joint knew no sick-hearted agitation. And the phlegmatic tugs, hour by hour, slowly and laboriously made their unwieldy grips, and moved out into deep water again. The tide came strongly in, but they stood up rollingly against it. A cloud, like a splash of blue-black ink, misty-edged by careless blotting, began to rise rapidly far to the south. It carried silence with it, in which the hollow megaphone sounded wan and lonely. Some puffs

(Concluded on Page 19)

THE COPPER KING

The Romance of a Trust

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER
Joint Author of Calumet "K"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS—Roger Drake, the teller of the story, struggles with poverty in a Western mining town, and forms a strong friendship for George Stanley. Drake returns East to acquire needed technical knowledge of mining. He and Fletcher, an electrical inventor, become friends. Drake falls in love with Adele Broughton, a relative of the Stanleys. He at length proposes to her and is accepted. At that moment George Stanley, returning from the West, also reaches the house. In a few days Adele's love seems to cool. Stanley and Drake start for the West together and begin prospecting at Red City. Near the property of Christian Jansen they discover a copper deposit of enormous richness. Stanley returns East to organize a stock company, leaving Drake at the mine. Drake receives a letter from Adele, breaking the engagement. He hastens to her, and finds that Stanley has himself been making love to the girl, and is now Drake's open enemy.

CHAPTER VI

I SPENT the night with Fletcher, and we talked till morning. It was like him to ask no questions. He seemed absorbingly interested in the new mine; not only in a general way, but he wanted to know the precise strike and pitch of the lode and just how the ore bodies occurred. After I'd exhausted that subject he changed over to his armature and expounded the mathematical principle of induced currents for a couple of hours.

I didn't see just what he was driving at then, but I've figured it out since that he saw I'd just come through something that had shaken me and left me greatly excited, and that he put me through all that geology and mathematics to steady me. It served his purpose, if that was his purpose, for when I did come to tell him the whole story, beginning with my engagement to Adele, I found I had myself well in hand again.

Before I got through with the story he was angrier than I was. Strangely enough, I was hardly angry at all. That was to come later.

Stanley's lawyer came to see me the first thing next morning. He had a paper drawn up all ready for my signature, which shows that Stanley must have been in as great a hurry as I was. It was a formal dissolution of partnership, and I was to relinquish my share in all our joint properties for ten thousand dollars. You could hardly call that a liberal bargain, for it was but little more than half of our actual cash balance in the bank at that moment—that will give any one who stops to think an idea of what a wonderful strike the Crœsus was—and I have no doubt that by holding out I could have got better terms. I should act very differently now, for I have learned, with the years, that it doesn't work well to mix your personal sentiments with your business sense, but I was still young in those days. I had talked pretty big to Stanley when I left him in the library, and now in much the same spirit I signed my name without a word, accepted the check, and gave a receipt for it. The whole business was done in ten minutes.

"There," I said to the lawyer; "that's like getting into the fresh air again. Good-morning."

I bowed him out and went upstairs and found Fletcher in his shop. "Well, it's over and I'm off again," said I.

He asked me where I meant to go, and I told him back to Red City.

"You don't need to go 'way out there for your things, do you?" he asked. "Wouldn't your friends, the Jansens, ship them to you?"

"I'm going out to stay," said I. And on the noon train I started back for Red City.

Naturally, the first thing I did when I arrived was to get a horse and ride up to the Crœsus. It was a hard ride, at best, in winter, and I was a whole day making the twenty-five miles; so, when I reached the mine and found it too dark to do anything, I rode on to the Jansens' to spend the night with them.

They were glad enough to see me, for my sudden bolt East had mystified them greatly, and the responsibility for the mine had rested heavily on the older man's shoulders, though I think the youngster had enjoyed it. My first explanations were rather brief; I merely told them that imperative business had called me East and that I was no longer interested in the Crœsus, having sold out my share in it to Stanley. Both father and son looked rather glum at that, and Gus was inclined to ask questions, but the old gentleman repressed his own curiosity and suppressed his son's, so we got through supper and the first part of the evening rather silently.

After Gus had gone to bed, father Jansen and I drew up to the fire, for it was dying down and the room was growing chilly, and we lighted up our pipes. There was nothing to talk about, but I was aware that he kept looking from me to the fire and back to me again in an abstracted way, as though something was on his mind. At last he spoke.

"You will allow a liberty to an old man, I know," he said. "Since you came to-night I have been reading your face, and I can see the marks of a great trouble in it. I do not ask you to tell me what it is, but you are my friend, and I ask you to tell me if I can help you."

I said no; that there was no help for it; and then, after sitting silent a while longer, I told him in a few words pretty much the whole story. He said nothing, but nodded thoughtfully, and after a few minutes bade me good-night.

Next morning I rode down to the Crœsus and packed up my traps. As I rode off the claim I realized for the first time what an ass I had been to part with my share in it for such a meagre mess of pottage as ten thousand dollars was, compared with the value of the property. It was a pretty costly lesson not to talk big and act like the hero of a story book, but I guess I learned it then, once and for all.

When I was riding back to Red City, and was somewhere about half way, I met a party on horseback, all strangers except the fellow guiding them, who was an old resident, as old residents went in the town. I nodded to him as we passed, and he evidently told them who I was, for one of the party, evidently the leader, called to me by name to stop.

As I turned in the saddle he asked me rather sharply where I'd been.

"I may tell you," said I, "when I know any good reason why you should ask me."

HE WAS IN RED CITY FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING INTO "SOMETHING GOOD"

"I'm the manager of Mr. Stanley's mine," he snapped. "I want to know what you have in those saddle-bags."

"Nothing that concerns you in the least," said I, starting my horse again.

"One moment, Mr. Drake. I have a message for you from Mr. Stanley." I stopped again. "He hardly expected I should find you here so soon, but said if I ever saw you about to tell you you'd find it more profitable to continue your sort of operations somewhere else than in Bent River Valley."

I nodded and rode along to town. At least, I wasn't the only one silly enough to talk big.

I took a room in a decent boarding-house, stowed away my traps, and that evening I went around to the superintendent of the Red City Ore Company and asked him for a job.

I don't believe I ever saw a man more surprised than he was when he finally got through his head what I wanted.

"You don't mean to say the Crœsus has pinched out?" he asked. I told him the mine was all right, but that I didn't own any share of it.

"But you ought to have got rich selling out," he said, still incredulous.

I laughed. "I've been asking you for a job," said I. "Judge for yourself." Then I went on to tell him what I knew practically and theoretically about assaying and smelting, and the upshot of our talk was that he would take me on in the smelter, though as work was slack in the winter he couldn't pay me very much.

I left him still much mystified over the change in my fortunes, but coming to the opinion, which for some time afterward prevailed in Red City, that I was a simple sort of chap who had been "done" out of my share in the Crœsus by some cute trick of Stanley's. I needn't say to anybody who knows that kind of community that the notion raised Stanley in the general estimation and lowered me. If I had been the victim of some disaster, had got hurt in an accident or burned out by a fire, I could have counted on sympathy and, what is more, on substantial help from plenty of my fellow-townsmen, but to look for anything of that kind on account of having been swindled was to make a most enormous mistake.

All that was rather to my advantage than otherwise, for until I had the game well in my own hands I wanted to remain as inconspicuous as possible. You may work successfully under our modern conditions with the aid of a very great noise, keeping your sayings and doings, your horses, your dogs, your yachts, even your affection for your wife, before people's eyes and in their mouths as much as possible, but that is not the only way, and for my part I have always preferred the other. At any rate, mum was the word for me in those days.

There were a number of people living in my boarding-house, but only two who interested me particularly. They were both about my age, and both had only recently come to town to "grow up with the country," but that is all you can say and include both of them, for they were as different as black from white.

Lawrence was New England, every inch of him; a graduate of one of the smaller New England colleges, and fresh from a New England lawyer's office. That was all easily guessed at first glance, though I hadn't his authority for it until long afterward. He was slow and cautious in speech, and, in stating a fact, always a little below the mark. That was as much a habit with him as exaggeration is with some other people. He liked a shrewd trade as well as anybody, but I never found a dishonest streak in him. He wasn't what you'd call approachable; I'd known him two years, and pretty well, too, before he would look as though he was glad to see me when we met in the street.

The other man's name was Reech. He might have come from almost any large city in America. He talked nearly all the while, and pretty well, mostly about himself and what he'd done, but you knew but little more about him as time went on than you had known at first. You couldn't guess what his business had been; he talked as familiarly about Drew and the Commodore and the late Jim Fisk as if he had been a partner with every one of them. He said frankly that he was in Red City for the purpose of getting into "something good," even if he had to start it himself. Meanwhile he lived in the best two rooms in the boarding-house, which he called his apartments, a name quite unknown in our democratic little community—and he dressed better than any of the rest of us. He was still putting in his time getting acquainted, but it wasn't long before he was on drinking terms with everybody in town.

Naturally, two men like that hadn't much use for each other, but it seemed to me that I might make use of each of them; so, while I let Reech get tolerably familiar with me, I did my best to thaw out Lawrence. It wasn't long before I found some business for both of them.

I was doing six good days' work a week now at the smelter, but that didn't keep me from thinking hour by hour, nights and Sundays, which was the best way to make my start, and at last I got it pretty well figured out.

I have spoken of the falls in Bent River just above the town. Part of the water was sluiced off to turn the wheel belonging to a grist-mill which dated back to the first days of the village. The old mill may have known prosperous days when Red Valley was an agricultural community, but, of course, when they began roasting sulphurous ores up at the end of the valley nearest the prevailing wind every spear of green was blasted at once, and the mill became worthless. The miller had drilled unsuccessfully on his property, and then had put his savings into a claim which proved none too prosperous.

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of June 28.

It was just what might have been expected in a town like Red City that no one was looking far enough ahead to see the value of that water-power. It didn't produce copper, and that was enough to keep any one from taking the least interest in it. My scheme wasn't entirely developed, but one's schemes seldom are when the moment comes for making a start. I think the surest way to make a failure nowadays is to wait till you're sure you're right before you go ahead

So I dropped in at Lawrence's office, and told him that if he could get that mill and the water-power cheap I'd like him to buy it for me

He was probably surprised at my having money enough to go in for anything like that, but he didn't show any astonishment, and I gave him a check for enough to bind the bargain if he should make it. He asked me what I thought was a fair price for it, and I said I believed he could get it for five thousand dollars, cash down, and I told him what per cent. I'd pay him as a commission. Then he did what struck me as a very shrewd thing

"If you pay me that percentage on what I pay for the property, then the better I do the work the less I am paid for it. Why not base my percentage on the difference between what I pay and twice what you think a fair price? That is, if I can get it for four thousand, my percentage will be on six. It makes our interests lie the same way."

I was glad to do it, and I always thought more of Lawrence after that. He did succeed in getting the property for four thousand. It wasn't three days before he had the deed for it I asked him to hold it for me in his name as I didn't care to be known as the owner of it

Then it was time to turn to Reech I didn't tell him my scheme; I let him worry it out of me

This is, as briefly as possible, what the scheme was: to organize a new ore purchasing and refining company, capitalized at, say, one hundred thousand dollars. To get possession of the water-power, and put up a thoroughly modern plant. The old company was using the old and costly system of refining copper in reverberatories, under which a power was of little advantage, but under new systems, using blast furnaces, it would be of the greatest use. We could produce blister copper enough cheaper than they could to run them out of business.

Reech caught up the scheme with the greatest enthusiasm. He was to do the work of getting it started and was to take a certain amount of the stock in payment. I was to be made manager, and my salary was to be paid for a certain term of years in stock. I suggested that if the owners of the water-power could be got to take their pay in stock also it would be an advantage, and he thought so, too.

He went into it with all his might. He learned enough from me about smelting to talk about it convincingly, and in no time at all he had all the advantages, figured out in percentages, at his tongue's end. By that time he fully believed that the scheme was all his own, which was just what I wanted

It took some little time to get the thing through, and some other things happened in the meanwhile which will be told about later, but it did go through; we called it the Northwestern Ore Company. It paid me, through Lawrence, a good big price for the water-power. The smelter was built; it was economical and it paid. It got all the business of the valley, Stanley's included, and nobody for a long time knew that I, who really owned more than half the stock, was any more than a salaried officer of the company. Lawrence voted my proxies at annual meetings and my dividends were paid to him.

That first year in Red City must be counted a successful one for me, for besides making a good deal of money I laid the foundation for my fortune; but prosperous as I was, I couldn't be called happy. Loneliness had something to do with it, I suppose. The town was growing as only such a town can, and many of the newcomers were my sort of folk, but I was too busy to make new friends then, and among the older residents were few, if any, whom I found very companionable. All I had in the way of friendly intercourse was an occasional letter from Fletcher

I have always had a strong body and a lot of endurance, but what with work and worry, that year, I pulled myself down pretty well, and I might have suffered for it afterward if it had not been for a lucky accident. It was a blessing, no doubt, but it took me some time to penetrate its disguise. It happened when I was walking home late one September night from the smelter. There was a lot of building and grading going on in town, and many of the sidewalks were high above the ground, some of them in the shakiest possible condition. The streets were badly lighted, and as I was striding along pretty fast, and paying little attention to where I was going, it was not unnatural that I came to grief. I stepped on the edge of a loose board and pitched down into an excavation for a new building. About ten feet below the sidewalk I struck some barrels full of lime and then landed on the point of my shoulder.

I don't know just how long I was unconscious, but when I came to I tried to get up. It was no wonder that I couldn't, for, as it proved, my right leg was fractured just below the knee, my side was stove in, the edge of a barrel having accounted for two ribs, and my collar-bone was broken besides. I lay there nearly an hour before any one came near enough to hear me call for help, but after that it wasn't long before I was put to bed, more a bundle of splints and bandages than anything like a man. The doctor was a young fellow but skilful, for Red City had given him plenty of practice in the way of accidents

"There," he said, when he got through with me; "now all you have to do is to lie perfectly still for six weeks or so till you grow together again. Don't worry yourself into a fever, have just as good a time as you can

That was all right to say, but how was I to do it? The prospect would have been gloomy enough for any active man, but my case was worse. I had managed, during most of the hours of every day, to keep my mind off the past by keeping it full of the present, but now I was to do nothing but lie still and stare at it. I tried to make the best of it. I could read for part of the time, anyway, and I figured out some improvements in the blast furnace practice at our smelter which I meant to try when I got around again. But that was a poor substitute for a good day's work At the end of two weeks I was pretty blue

And then the unexpected help came, as I've discovered that it almost always does come when you've about made up your mind that there isn't any help, or any way out; it came one morning in the person of Christian Jansen.

He had reached town the evening before, and had then learned for the first time of my accident, and it was like him that he found out all the details of it, and of the condition I was then in, from the doctor, and that, when he came striding into my room and pulled a chair close up to the bed, he didn't begin by making me tell the story all over again. He just put his big gentle hand on my head, nodded ponderously, and sitting down began filling his pipe.

It made me feel better, just to see him there, than I'd felt since I'd got hurt

"I came to Red City partly to ask your opinion in a matter of business," he began. "When I heard of your accident I thought not to trouble you with it."

I told him that anything which would give me something to think about was just what I had been hoping for.

"The question I have to ask is this: In your opinion, as an engineer of mines, is there much copper lying under my lands?" He did not give me time to answer at once, but went on to say that Stanley had written him several letters about it, and that Jackson, the new manager at the Crœsus, had called on him to talk about it. Of course I had supposed they would do that

For just a minute I hesitated. The business instinct gets so strong in a man who has been forced to live as I have, that it speaks to him whether it is bidden or not. But I should have been a rascal if I had listened to it then

I told him all I knew. I went over my theories with him just as I had gone over them by myself scores of times since we had discovered the Crœsus, looking for a flaw in them. The sum of them was just this: that I believed the river valley, at that point, to have been formed by what geologists call a simple bend—that is, by an upheaval which had occurred locally beneath a solidified area of rock, causing it to break upward, and leaving a V-shaped crack or gorge across it "If this is true," said I, "it is altogether probable that the other half or more of the Crœsus lode is in your land. I believe that the copper in your property is immensely valuable."

"Mr. Jackson made it appear differently. He represented that it would be by chance only if anything should be found But for that chance," he said, "Mr. Stanley would be willing to pay something."

I exclaimed against that, but he checked me, and went on: "I said nothing to Mr. Jackson. But I wrote to his master that I would have no dealings with one whom I knew for a knave and the betrayer of his friend

I am a sorry comforter," he began again very quietly, "to tear at the wound of my friend, and I have wandered from what I came to tell you. It shall be told now, and soberly. My son and I have talked long about it, and we are decided. For ourselves we have enough. The ways have been made green under our feet; the clouds have rained bounty upon us, and we want no more. But I hope that all you think about the wealth of my lands in ore may come true, for whatever is there belongs to you—is yours for the seeking."

I was taken completely by surprise and stammered out that I didn't understand. "Is the gift of a friend hard to understand?" he asked

At first I couldn't believe that I had heard him aright. When I understood and tried to speak my voice shook, and choked, and finally stuck fast, and all that I could do was hold out my hand to him. He nearly broke it, too, in his grip. As he let go the door opened and the doctor walked in. "How are you?" he asked "All right? I suppose you know where you're going?"

I didn't; but it was evident that, wherever it was, I was to go soon They brought in a litter with a mattress on it, and they worked me over upon it and piled blankets on me till I asked if they meant to take me clear to the North Pole. Then they told me, between them, that I was going up the river to Jansen's Valley, to stay there till I could ride back on a horse. With the help of some laborers they carried me to the river, put me on a raft that had an awning improvised over it, and then our expedition started up the gorge.

It took all the rest of the day and into the evening, poling, rowing, and now and then taking a tow from father Jansen and another horseman on the bank. I was happy again, happier than I had been for months. I suppose that being out in the keen, clear air had something to do with it, and the sight of old father Jansen, who had shown me that I had a friend again; but I think, now, that beyond all that was a sense of the peace that was to come to me. I forgot all about the copper

It was night before we tied up at the wharf, and the air was cold, but the sparks flying from the wide chimney and the lights in the windows of the old house bade us welcome.

The warmth of the fire soon made me sleepy, and I was fast asleep almost before they had me in bed. It was broad daylight before I awoke. I didn't have any way of knowing what time it was, and I didn't much care, for I felt that I could lie that way all day long, without sight or sound of anybody.

But I soon found that the place had been awake long before I was. Occasionally some farm laborers would go by the house near enough for me to hear their voices, and about the house itself there were suppressed sounds of people stirring.

At last my door was opened cautiously, and, very softly for him, father Jansen came into the room. When he saw I was awake he came over to the bed and asked me how I'd slept. Just as I told him we heard a step in the hall, and turning to the door he called, "Barget."

She came into the room, and it seemed to me as though the morning light I had seen lying out upon the fields came in with her. The wind had made wild work with her yellow hair, and in her arms she carried a great bundle of goldenrod. She laid it down tenderly, as she would have treated a child, and then came over to greet me.

Her father put his arm across her shoulders. "This is my daughter, Barget," he said. "My daughter, and your nurse, for I am holding her responsible for you until you are well."

"THIS IS MY DAUGHTER .. AND YOUR NURSE"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D 1728

Published every Saturday by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Subscription $1.00 the Year—5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

History by Snap-Shot

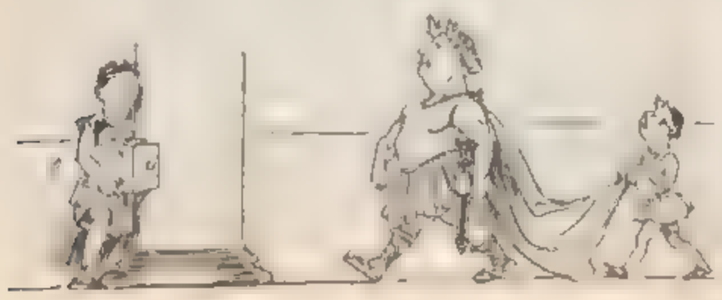
SNAP-SHOT history! The very idea seems odd; yet many of those who are idly snap-shotting at what goes on about them are providing the strongest and most vital historical material for those who, many generations hence, are to write of the conditions and happenings of the opening years of the twentieth century

How Americans under the administration of President Roosevelt ate, how they walked, how they met each other on the street, how they dressed—all such matters will be before the future historian in little four by fives that shall be irrefragable proofs. How pleased we should be if we of this twentieth century could have similar pictures showing social conditions of the time of the ancient stately Romans, of the seafaring Tyrians, of the early Britons.

How our Presidential conventions are held, how our Presidents walk, ride and jump fences, how our Senators engage in fisticuffing bouts, how our elections are carried on, how fires are fought, how railroad accidents occur, how ambassadors are received, how princely visitors are welcomed, how battles are fought—all these things will be pictured for the men of the future. And we must not overlook the fact that the happenings of to-day will, to the people of the future, be as full of interest as are to us the details of the life, the public events, and the battles, of the past—of which we have no snap-shots.

True, we already have, of some great men and women, and of great events, paintings by eminent hands, but we cannot be sure that the painters did not flatter their subjects, that they did not make homely people handsome, that they did not make foolish people look wise, that they did not, in picturing battles, follow imagination rather than fact, that they were not looking for a substantial reward when they flatteringly placed King Ironsword or General Pothelmet in the very centre of his army, cheering on his troops, while at the same time he is the target for every one of the enemy. Had the snap-shot been anciently in use such matters would have been authentically pictured once for all

And how the snap-shot will prevent the growth of mysteries! How shap-shots would have made impossible some of the greatest mysteries of the past! We should have had a snap-shot showing "the author of Hamlet in his study writing his new play, Richard the Third," and we should know whether it was really Shakespeare or Bacon; we should have had another snap-shot, perhaps taken through a keyhole, showing "the actual author of the Junius Letters, and how he works"; we should have had another showing the "Man with the Iron Mask fitting on a new one in his cell" we should even learn, pictorially, who it really was that struck Billy Patterson."



And, outside of mysteries, how delightful it would be to have, for example, a snap-shot of the Signers gathered about the table in Independence Hall; another, this one a flash-light, of course, which should incontrovertibly show whether or not Washington did really stand up so recklessly in his boat as he went over the Delaware; another showing precisely how Cæsar looked as he crossed the Rubicon, another picturing Romulus and Remus at their lupine luncheon. But the acts of the Cæsars and the Romuli, of the Shakespeares and the Washingtons, of the twentieth century, will be set forth in pictured truthfulness—that is, if the chemicals last

The Downing Street Monopoly

NOT till the retirement of the Marquis of Salisbury from the head of the government in England was it fully realized, at least on this side of the water, how much of a family matter the government of Great Britain may be made. When the old Marquis walked about the State Office he could not move without bumping against a relative. A full list of the names and titles of his relatives in office would, if laid out in a straight line, reach from Westminster Hall to Buckingham Palace. When the Marquis had a birthday and his relatives in office desired to wish him many happy returns, public business had to be entirely suspended.

First of all came the nephew who has succeeded him as Premier, Arthur James Balfour, Right Honorable, M. P., P. C., F. A. S., D. L., Honorable LL. D., etc., etc. When he took his full list of titles to the Palace with him they had to be carried in a separate cab, like the flowers at a Tammany leader's funeral. Then, among others, there was Gerald William Balfour, another nephew, Right Hon., M. P., President of the Board of Trade, and a few pecks of other titles.

And the Marquis of Salisbury's own son and heir was another of the relatives chosen for the responsibilities, high salaries and wide influence of public life: James Edward Hubert Gascoyne Cecil, Viscount Cranborne. Viscount Cranborne is incidentally "Chairman of the Church Parliamentary Committee," and "Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fourth Battalion of the Bedfords Regiment."

William Waldegrave Palmer, Earl of Selborne, married a daughter of the old Marquis, and he found that, by thus coming into the family, he became a son-in-office as well as a son-in-law; for he was made First Lord of the Admiralty. He is a Colonel of militia, and also an M. P., an L. U., etc.

What a frantic shout would go up if Secretary of State Hay should have a son put in charge of the Post-Office, a nephew placed in power as Secretary of War, a cousin given the portfolio of the Interior, and a son-in-law placed in charge of the Department of Agriculture. It is altogether unimaginable, the possibility is unbelievable with us; and yet that is precisely the kind of thing that Great Britain does—Great Britain, that is apt to poke her finger at us on account of what she calls the power of our politicians. When the King was ill and helpless, the Salisbury family held Great Britain in a J. P. Morgan-like grip.

Pride and Perspiration

IT IS a most curious fact that in hot weather people want it to be still hotter, and in cold weather they want it to be still colder. This seems paradoxical, but it is true.

We all feel a sort of personal pride in the achievements of the weather—"our" weather—the weather we live through, we come to have a sense of personal ownership, a sense of personal proprietorship in it.

When the thermometer is hovering around the century mark we are uncomfortable, of course; we wish, and we think that the wish is sincere, that the mercury would drop—but none the less, whether we admit it to ourselves or not, we have a subconscious hope that the mercury will not drop until the heat record has been broken.

Mopping their brows, men note the rise with perspiring glee as the thermometer reaches 100½—100¾—101—and when it passes 102 they talk of it eagerly with their friends, and they comment on it and discuss it with entire strangers, as if some great event of national importance had occurred. Hot though they are, they are glad and proud to think that their weather has acted so remarkably.

And newspapers are eagerly bought, and the men glance first at the record of the weather, put flamingly in big type by make-up editors who know what the people want to read:

"Another Record Smashed. Hottest Day of the Year."

And then with a sigh of contentment the reader sees:

"Relief Now Promised. Cool Wave in Sight."

We once knew a dealer in optical instruments, thermometers and such articles, who did by far the heaviest business in his town. No one else sold so many spectacles, so many microscopes, so many thermometers. And it was because of one big thermometer that his victories were won. That man knew human nature. At his store entrance he had a large thermometer hanging, and when the weather began to get cold or hot there was always an interested and excited group clustered on the sidewalk at his door. And the explanation was simple.

That dealer so manipulated the scaled frame of the big thermometer that whenever the mercury really stood at 98 degrees he had it showing as if it were 98¾ or perhaps 99; when the mercury dropped below zero, say to 10 degrees, that dealer's thermometer showed that it was 10¾ degrees below, or even 11¼. And the people who watched it were immensely pleased. In hot weather people want to be told it is hot; in cold weather they want to be told it is cold; official weather bulletins made from observations taken far above the sidewalk level are looked upon as being not at all satisfactory to the man who swelters or freezes with his fellow-men.

And so it was that that big thermometer, telling people just what they were anxious to know, made the dealer extremely popular. Not only were his thermometers in demand, but the people thought that a man who sold good thermometers must sell other good things as well, and so he did a splendid general business. If they were disappointed afterward that the thermometers which they purchased did not give as good results as they expected, they could always gratify themselves by going back to the man's shop door and watching the mercury there in its doctored frame.

There is, indeed, an exception to the rule that in hot weather people want it to be hotter, and in cold weather colder, but the exception is only apparent, and not real—when a summer is so phenomenally cool as to make a new record for coolness, or when a winter is phenomenally warm, the people are, of course, pleased that, though in a topsy-turvy way, their weather has been distinguishing itself—but this shows only another application of the same principle.

Post Readers on Trusts

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

The "Trust Problem" has become such a large one and so interwoven with all the twentieth century industrial advancement, that in my opinion nothing but a return to First Principles will offer solution. Of the First Principles affecting the trust situation these are: First, abolishing protection to infant industries; second, producing revenue by a taxation on land values; third, placing public utilities, in their nature monopolies, in Government bonds.

With this done, if the trust has not disappeared, we may consider is as natural and right, which in many aspects it now seems.

C. H. I.

New York City.

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

Large combinations can make and sell goods cheaper than can individuals. I think they do generally make them cheaper, but do not sell them cheaper, and when most smaller manufacturers are crushed out the larger ones will then sell their goods much higher.

D. L. G.

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

The only sure remedy for trusts, combinations, syndicates is Governmental control of the railroads. Every year sees a more and more compact control of the great railroad systems, and thus is made possible Governmental control under one head and direction. When once this is accomplished the rebate plan, which is operated to the great disadvantage of concerns with small capital, will be done away with forever. Then every manufacturer will be on an equal footing and only skill and industry will count in the long run.

J. B.

Utica, Ohio.

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

The Government must control the trusts or the trusts will control the Government. Without legal restrictions the trusts have been able to dictate the cost of raw materials, the cost of labor, the market price of the finished products and their transportation, thus defying the law of supply and demand. This law equalizes all irregularities in economics and is absolutely essential in securing justice to all. Congress and the Legislatures should see that this law operates freely.

H. C. K.

Cleveland, Ohio.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close Range Studies of Contemporaries

Anecdotal Character Sketches of the "Big Four" Who Made the Great Packing Business in this Country, and are Now Extending it Abroad

IT WOULD be difficult to find in America a more interesting quartette of industrial leaders than the "Big Four" packers Gustavus F. Swift, J. Ogden Armour, Michael Cudahy and Nelson Morris. While the attention of the public, here and in England, is now intent upon the financial, economic and legal phases of the monster industry which they control, a glance at the personalities of the men who have made it must help to shed light upon the problems of the moment in which they are the central figures.

By general consent Gustavus F. Swift is looked upon as the dean of the group. There is something approaching poetic justice in this distinction, for the reason that not only is Mr. Swift regarded as the "father" of the present elaborate system of curing and refrigerating meats for shipment to remote points and use under all climatic conditions, but he is the only member of the Big Four who is exclusively a packer

A story current in the Yards illustrates the impossibility of diverting Gustavus F. Swift from any line of action upon which he has once entered. While he was a local butcher and drover on the Down East coast buying cattle in the Cape Cod country and accumulating the $50,000 with which he established his Chicago business, Mr. Swift was associated with two other Yankees who evidently possessed less energy and alertness than himself. They had started for a town in another part of the State, to reach which required a change of cars at a very early hour of the morning. Before taking their berths the porter of the sleeping car was instructed to waken them in ample time to dress before reaching the junction. This, however, the porter failed to do, and the trio of cattle-buyers were sleeping soundly when the whistle blew for the station at which they were to make the change. Leaping from his berth Mr. Swift contrived to scramble into a portion of his clothes and gather the remainder of them into his arms while trying to arouse his companions

"It's too late," they replied to his proddings There's nothing to do but go on."

"All right, boys," responded Mr. Swift, striding out of the door with more of his clothes hanging over his arm than on his back. "You can go on, but I'm going to make that train."

And he did, finishing his dressing in the baggage car

No obstacle is ever permitted by Mr. Swift to stand in the way of the accomplishment of a pet purpose, and he invariably catches the train of Opportunity. Without this characteristic he would not to-day be worth nine million dollars. When he began the refrigeration and curing of meats for long-distance shipment he was laughed at and discouraged by many of his associates. They assured him that it was "a losing game." He answered this timid and discouraging advice with a few bits of dry Yankee wit, took counsel of his own far-sightedness and pushed steadily ahead to a point at which his purchases in a single day, in the Chicago yards alone, have amounted to more than 21,000 head

The Armour Alarm Still Active

J. Ogden Armour, the present head of the great Armour packing and grain house and the youngest of the Big Four, has scarcely a personal trait that cannot be traced to his father, Philip D. Armour

It is related that shortly after young Armour had shouldered his present responsibilities his conduct was closely scrutinized by an old employee at the Yards who had served many years under the founder of the business. Morning after morning this zealous guardian of the Armour traditions watched the young packer drive into the Yards at sharp 7:30 When convinced that this was a settled habit, the old laborer turned to the barn boss with a glow of pride on his face and exclaimed:

"He sticks t' th' Awld Man's alarum clock all right—just as whin he was runnin' th' hull worrucks from th' little corner room in th' big office down town."

There is the key to Ogden Armour's character: the son wakes by the same alarm that routed out the father! The same steady, consistent and untiring devotion to his business and to his family that characterized the founder of the Armour house is the most conspicuous trait of his successor

Although educated at Yale, young Armour is no more a bookish man than was his father. He cares for neither frills nor fads and in every way shows the same intensely practical nature that made his father a great business man and a good head of a household

A man of decision, it is yet characteristic of Mr. Armour not to go into an important enterprise without special investigation and first-hand information. It is said that more than one business man having large dealings with the Armour house has made a mistake by acting on the presumption that this young man—under forty years of age—could be "caught napping." Such men might have spared themselves an unpleasant experience if they had known that for fifteen years young Armour has been getting to the Yards at 7:30 and applying himself with the characteristic Armour concentration to the mastery of the practical details of every department

His employees, the world over, number about 30,000, and it is estimated that with those depending upon them for support they would make a city of 100,000 inhabitants

The Kilkenny Boy Who Fought His Way Up

Michael Cudahy, at sixty-one years of age, is a splendid specimen of physical manhood. His stature is large and his face lighted by eyes as keen and merry as ever shone in Kilkenny cheeks

He was only eight years old when his parents brought him to America and settled in Milwaukee, where his boyhood was spent. Before reaching his teens he took up the serious task of self support, and contributed to the family fund with the energy and cheerfulness of a boy too robust and energetic not to enjoy work and to feel a pride in his responsibilities

His earliest work was in a butchering establishment. There he learned the detail of buying and selling. Layton & Plankinton, the pioneer packers of Milwaukee, took Cudahy into their employ before he was fifteen years of age. At the close of the Civil War he went into business for himself, but was soon induced to reënter Mr. Layton's employ

At one time he determined to leave Milwaukee and strike out on other lines, but Mr. Layton dissuaded him and secured for him the position of meat inspector for the Milwaukee Board of Trade.

This appointment Mr. Cudahy has since come to regard as the turning point in his career. Before he had been long in this position, a profitable one, he was offered a place of increased responsibility with Plankinton & Armour, being given charge of their Milwaukee packing-house. As a result of this connection Mr. Cudahy became a partner of the elder Armour and remained in close association with him until he withdrew about twelve years ago and established the extensive system of packing plants of which he is president. He is also the President of the North American Transportation and Trading Company, one of the great Alaskan institutions. Mr. Cudahy's fortune is very large and his influence in the world of affairs great in proportion to his conservatism and sound judgment of values

The Young Peddler of the Black Forest

The life of Nelson Morris is one of the old fashioned romances of money-getting.

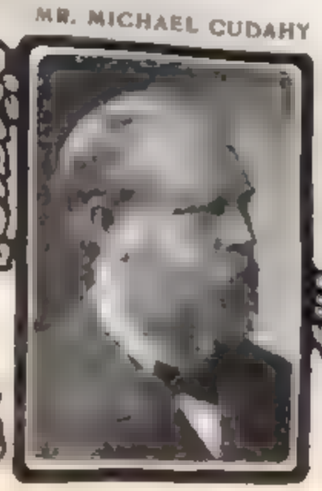
When this member of the Big Four first saw the light of day, sixty-three years ago, under the shadows of the Black Forest, his parents were, it is said, in comfortable circumstances. But the political upheaval of 1848 hit them a hard blow, driving them exiles from their native country, their property in confiscation

Young Morris was barely entering upon his teens when he reached the United States and was "bound out" to an itinerant peddler to carry a pack until he reached his majority. But three months of scant food and unremitting tramping over the New England hills put the future packer and multimillionaire in a mood to take the most important step in his career—that of a break for liberty. In this he was successful and for a time followed the roads of Connecticut, but finally drifted to the coal regions of Pennsylvania, where he became a charcoal burner and did other work of the hardest kind. Here he remained until 1854 when his destiny impelled him to move to the West

He worked his passage to Buffalo on a canal boat, where he found the captain of a lake freighter who took him aboard on the same conditions that had been exacted by the owner of the canal boat. He was planning to go all the way to Chicago by boat; but unfortunately the lumberman tied up at Michigan City, and from Michigan City to Chicago he was compelled to walk, but his boyhood experience as a peddler in New England served him in good stead and he thought nothing of his long tramp. Once in Chicago he brought up at the old Sherman Stock Yards, where he met the proprietor, John B Sherman, who later became the founder of the Union Stock Yards system. This pioneer "drover" gave the lad employment of the most menial kind; according to the traditions of the Yards young Morris received only $5 a month in addition to his room and board during the first year of his service But he managed actually to save more than the full amount of his wages. This he accomplished by renting his bed to tired drovers, when opportunity offered, and looking after the cattle or hogs which they had brought in to market.

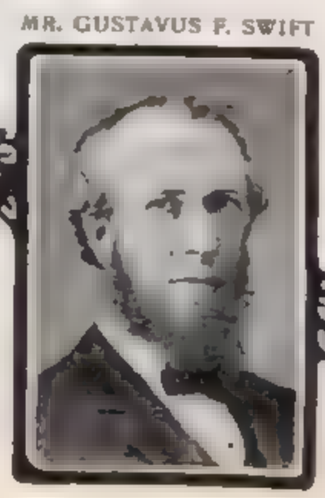
With his first savings he bought disabled stock and thus began the practical exercise of his acute trading instincts while still working for meagre wages. Aside from the determination to get ahead, young Morris had but one ambition: that of keeping his father and mother in comfort and buying back for them the old home in the Black Forest of Germany. No labor was too great and no sacrifice or privation too severe cheerfully to be undertaken toward this end. This ambition was achieved in eight years after he reached Chicago, and besides the purchase of the old family home he had laid the foundation of the fortune which has made him one of the financial powers of the West

MR. MICHAEL CUDAHY



MR. J. OGDEN ARMOUR

MR. GUSTAVUS F. SWIFT



MR. NELSON MORRIS

The Young Barrister in His Office

What Should be His Attitude to His Superiors.
The Legal Turn of Mind He Should Cultivate.
The Only Primrose Path to Professional Success.

By Henry M. Dowling

THE eminent lawyer, William Wirt, writing to a friend who aspired to the honors of the legal profession, advised him, during the early part of his career, to *live in his office*. Were this the only requisite necessary to secure wealth, fame and brilliant achievement at the bar, the road would be so plain that no one need err therein. But in the simple suggestion we have quoted is involved much more than the mere occupation of a room. What the young barrister *does* while living in his office is no less important than his performances before courts and juries.

If our aspirant is serving his apprenticeship in chambers other than his own he will do well to consider how he can best avail himself of opportunities for acquiring knowledge and skill in his chosen science. If he is anxious to spare himself and is afraid of impairing his constitution by hard work, if he is too dignified to render himself valuable by interviewing witnesses or hunting up evidence, if he regards his time and effort too precious to expend until the occasion arrives when men will pay him handsomely for his labors, it may safely be predicted that such an apprentice will never be a master workman. To the law clerk the question should constantly recur, "How can I make myself useful to my superiors by intelligent service?" If he is set to copying one page, let him be ready to copy two; if he is sent to find one witness, let him discover another also; if he is asked to be at his desk a half-hour earlier than usual, let him be on hand three-quarters of an hour before the accustomed time. Meanwhile, he is to remember that he does not constitute the firm. Our graduates from professional schools who can talk glibly of "quasi-contracts," "legal entities" and "anomalous indorsers" are prone to imagine that the law they have learned from their instructors is sounder, fresher and essentially better law than that which is actually applied in the courts and offices of their own county. If the senior member of the firm has a theory upon which he proposes to conduct his case, it will be politic as well as courteous to assist him in its establishment, rather than to attempt the hopeless task of convincing him his theory is wrong and that one which was a favorite with Professor X. is preferable.

The assistance rendered by a law clerk is principally in finding authorities. Some men naturally are legal ferrets, with a sensitive "nose for cases." Others, not so gifted, may acquire skill in this important department of their work by familiarizing themselves thoroughly with the digests and indexes of textbooks and reports. There are some (and not a great many) well-defined heads under which the law is arranged, and the young man who is serving his term in an office cannot better employ his otherwise unoccupied moments than in scanning the main topics of the law and learning them and their principal subdivisions. The faculty he should seek to acquire is rapid and accurate examination of cases. Often the mere glance of a trained lawyer at the facts given in a reported decision, or at a paragraph in a textbook, will reveal to him its relevancy or irrelevancy to the point he is investigating. The beginner must be more deliberate. By careful examination he may, in time, become capable of quick and thorough scrutiny; but he will never be an accurate examiner if his researches are rapid and superficial from the beginning. After he has collected his authorities he will make himself certain that they are in point, since nothing is more disappointing to a lawyer, hastening to write his brief or construct his argument, than to find the cases furnished him are broken reeds; or, instead of staves which support, are spears which pierce him to his own ruin.

The Young Lawyer's Four Enemies

It is, however, rather to the young man who is starting in practice for himself that this article is addressed, to the young man who regards the profession of the law not as a makeshift, a convenient means for gaining a livelihood, but as a noble calling, in which the finest qualities of mind and heart have free play. To such, a word of warning may not be inopportune. Four enemies lie in wait for every man who enters upon the practice of law: discouragement, listlessness, conceit and dishonesty. If you do not encounter a period of profound depression, when the rounds of the ladder seem far apart and the top exceedingly remote, your experience will be more than exceptional—it will be unique. Yet for your encouragement be it said that Webster's receipts from his law business were so insignificant, for some time after coming to the bar, that he doubted whether he could make his living at the law, and almost resolved to abandon it; and Rufus Choate seriously considered, during the first few years of his professional life, whether he should not give over the attempt to practice law and seek to earn his living by other means. It is said that ex-President Benjamin Harrison, when a young lawyer, would frequently say to his landlord, when he paid his monthly house-rent of ten dollars, that he did not know where he was to obtain the next month's installment.

The young barrister, in the days of waiting for business, will be tempted to indulge in mere idle expectation—a listlessness which is the more seductive because it excuses itself with the reflection that this is a part of a young lawyer's work, and that "they also serve who only stand and wait." Nothing is more misleading. The busiest man at the bar should be the man who has just been admitted to it. He knows the least; he has need of the greatest application. Idleness at this point of his career may mean lifelong indolence. What his labors should consist of we shall presently show.

If he escapes this siren, another awaits him who whispers flattering words until he believes himself thoroughly equipped for every species of legal controversy without further study, especially for cases involving constitutional law and the law of nations. Finally, when his clients have discovered him, a temptation besets him whose influence has done more than all else to bring disrepute upon the profession: the temptation to use the necessities of a client for the pecuniary advantage of the attorney. The young lawyer who extorts from a stranger whom he expects never to see again one farthing more than the fees recognized as proper to charge a regular client; he who tampers with both sides of a case and seeks to profit secretly by a private understanding with the adversary; is guilty of conduct which is dishonest, contemptible and grossly unprofessional

The Selection of a Lawyer's Tools

The library of the young practitioner is his kit of tools What it shall contain will depend largely upon his financial resources. He will need the latest annotated edition of the State Statutes and the best digest of his State Reports. To these, in most instances, must be added the full Reports of his State, and textbooks on pleading and practice in the jurisdiction where he is located, and the standard texts on contracts, torts, corporations and mortgages. His earliest practice will probably consist of collections, foreclosure of mortgages, damage suits, and some corporation business. Hence, in selecting his textbook library, he should bear in mind the subjects on which his opinion will first be asked or to which his professional skill will be first directed

From the day of his advent into his profession he should keep a neat and accurate docket of every matter of business placed in his hands. Besides the ordinary "lawyer's docket" specially prepared, there is a simple record consisting of a book, the size of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, with each page ruled twice across and once perpendicularly, thus forming six rectangular spaces of equal size. Each matter of business is entered on a left hand space, with a short statement of what it is, names and addresses of parties and witnesses, etc. On the opposite right-hand space is entered every step taken in the cause. Each cause is numbered, and indexed in the names of both parties. When a case has been finally disposed of, a blue cancellation mark is drawn across the adjacent spaces devoted to that business, and all papers connected therewith are neatly tied together and inclosed in an envelope, conspicuously marked with the names of the parties and file-number of the cause, corresponding to the number appearing in the docket. These envelopes are then filed away in numerical order. An exceedingly valuable practice is to collect all the authorities you have utilized in the case and arrange them according to suggestive headings, inclosing this outline of law-points with the other papers, or, better still, copying it into a commonplace book kept for this purpose

The young lawyer will pay especial attention to his correspondence. Every letter bearing upon business intrusted to him will be preserved, and he will retain copies of all those written by himself. He will file, in chronological order, all communications sent or received in a given matter, and every receipt for money paid will be indorsed with the name of the party executing it, the amount, date and cause in which it is paid. These will be carefully filed alphabetically, each year's receipts being placed in a packet by themselves.

Few things will serve to impress business men more favorably than strict business habits in the young lawyer. Foremost among these is promptness in the dispatch of business. Attorneys frequently allow their unanswered correspondence to accumulate, until they are appalled by its magnitude. They proceed upon the theory that, if they delay answering a letter for a week, the chances are it will not need answering. Every one feels a real pleasure in receiving an immediate response to his business letters, and our lawyer will save himself many a heartache and infinite discomfort by replying to every letter the day it comes to hand, if this is possible, or at the earliest moment when he can send a full and intelligent response The same promptness in the transaction of business of every character, in bringing cases to trial, making and remitting collections and drawing instruments, will establish a reputation which will be a source of honest pride and substantial profit to him as long as he is at the bar.

The tendency of most beginners is to run to some older practitioner whenever a question comes before them which is at all unfamiliar. Such a habit will ultimately unfit any man for the conduct of business. He will undermine his self-confidence and his self respect, and will forever be a parasite. A lawyer holds himself out to the world as one who assumes great responsibilities. He stultifies himself and subjects his professional friends to an unjust tax by thus unloading on another the burden he himself should bear.

At the very commencement of his career the young barrister should resolve not to be mastered by his preference for particularly agreeable tasks. Every lawyer develops a natural repugnance to certain matters of business, either because of their difficulties, their dry details, or their comparatively slight importance. If he has undertaken to act respecting them, he should not allow this dislike to postpone their consideration one moment. He will be apt to turn with delight to a favorite case or some more congenial legal employment, leaving the undesirable matter to shift for itself. The longer the latter is delayed, the more it retaliates upon the delinquent practitioner, disturbing his peace of mind. The only safe rule is to do the next task which ought to be done, and to beat down his antipathies.

The lawyer in his office should always have one pupil—namely, himself. He must set apart a regular time for study, and hold unflinchingly to his scheme, so far as business will permit. He should plan his reading, and never be without some book which shall open to his mind new fields of the law. If he is specializing, he will have no difficulty in selecting subjects for study. If he desires to engage in general practice, in addition to making himself proficient in the branches of which he will soonest have need, he should read works on other departments of the law which he may hereafter have occasion to employ: *e. g.*, partnership, suretyship, equity or wills. In all his study he should early acquire the habit of annotating his textbooks with the fresh cases which he reads in the reports of his own State and of other jurisdictions, always making sure the citations are correct and closely applicable to the paragraph on the margin of which the note is entered. He will read the late volumes of his own State Reports and fill his mind with the principles therein announced, carefully discriminating between *dicta* and *decisions* of the court. He will examine himself on each case, after reading it, by slightly changing the facts and reasoning out the result in the light of such alteration. He will make every case he reads a lodestone to draw to itself all other principles of law nearly allied to those contained in this particular decision, and marshal and review his stores of knowledge on the special phase of the law therein discussed

How to Acquire a Legal Mind

He will cultivate a legal attitude toward facts which fall under his observation. He reads in a newspaper of a riot in which the police lost their tempers and clubbed women and children and a helpless cripple, who chanced to be in a mob He will instantly ask himself, "Are the officers liable to the parties injured? Is the city liable? If death results, could the officers be convicted of murder?" In walking down the street he sees a man hit by a pane of glass which has been blown by a sudden gust from the window of a lofty building He immediately inquires of himself: "Is the owner of the building liable in damages for the injury?" By thus cultivating a professional attitude toward observed facts he will stimulate his legal faculties, and cause his knowledge to become practical and real.

The most harassing question, which will rob our young barrister of sleep and haunt his waking hours, will be "How shall I get business?" There is no magic by which it can be gained except the homely method of hard work.

The bulk of his practice will not come from lawyers, but from business men. Any legitimate means by which he can bring himself favorably to the latter's notice will be effort well expended. A personal recommendation from a mutual friend, a business favor generously bestowed by himself, identification with business interests and business clubs, fellow-membership in lodges and societies, a telling article published in some local newspaper, may each be a means of introducing him to the respect and confidence of business men. In advertising, he should scrupulously avoid everything savoring of the pettifogger.

Finally, let our young barrister remember that courtesy, honesty and untiring energy in acquiring and applying his scientific knowledge are the Open Sesame by which alone he may hope to win distinction in the profession which he loves.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three papers for the young lawyer beginning business The third will be by Hon. Peter Grosscup, Judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals.

ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY

By Hamilton Emerson

What Happened to Gerald Saint Luce on Hounslow Heath and How the Duke of Argyll's Message Found a Messenger

THE chill, gray cloak of twilight fell upon the hilltop; all was hushed but the mournful wind that wandered across the desolate moor, and among the leafless barberry and hawthorn bushes that grew along the wayside. It was the King's Highway that lay still and frozen across the barren country, fading into the distance, lonely and deserted, although great London town was but three leagues beyond.

The sorrowing wind, the dreary road and the cold night seemed to frighten the trees that gathered here and there like bare, fleshless ghosts, to whisper one to the other, and the belated rooks swerved yet higher in their home-going flight and dropped weird cries from the dim hollows of the upper air

Suddenly a man peered from behind a rusty tussock of grass near the roadway—a youthful man, strong, alert, aggressive, whose keen eyes searched all the night around. He examined the rolling hill-crown, the thickets, the shadowy trees; he listened as a hare for the tongue of the hound, turning an ear now this way and now that; he waited, holding his breath and piercing with his gaze the long reaches of darkness about him. Only his head was exposed.

The moments passed, and the expression upon the face of the watcher was changing from anxiety to certainty, when there drifted lightly down the breeze a clear, metallic sound, oft repeated and with constantly increasing volume. The head drew slowly back until only the eyes shone through the gloom. The burden of the night wind became a regular note—tap, tap, tap, tap; the song of clanking hoofs, eight at least. Ascending the long slope of the hill, misty forms were steadily approaching, while the clatter of horses' feet mingled with the broken sound of voices of men who talked as they rode

The watcher listened. As the newcomers climbed the steeper rise, their pace fell to a walk, and the first level beams of the pale winter's moon brought their figures into partial distinctness as they drew each moment nearer. There were but two, both well mounted. Each wore a sword, and as they moved in their saddles the cold rays glinted upon headpiece and breastlet, proving them soldiers. The man lay like a corpse within his concealment.

"Think again of my offer, Captain," said one. "'Twill be late ere we reach London, if we reach it at all across this robber's heath, and to-morrow's sun will better show you the house you seek Rest with me at the Blue Boar to-night, and we will sup together.'

"My lord, I cannot," returned the younger rider. "His Grace, the Duke, laid his most heavy word upon me that I convey his message this night. I pray you forgive me if I seem ungracious."

As they spoke, the elder man dropped a step behind, so that his horse just lapped the flank of the other. So close were the travelers to the man in hiding that he could distinguish their faces in the growing light. Suddenly the leading horse started, his master caught sharply at the bridle, and at the same instant the other leaned quickly toward him, his arm shot forward, and there was a gleam of steel and the sound of a heavy blow. Even as the lips of the watcher stiffened with horror, a half sob, a broken but unuttered word fell from the smitten horseman. He swayed in his saddle, sank lower and yet lower upon his horse's neck, and at last, lurching sidewise, fell with ringing crash of armored body to the earth, while his steed pranced and curvetted in fear about the grewsome bundle at his feet

The fugitive on the roadside shuddered. Soldier that he was, this stark murder chilled his marrow and filled his heart with vengeance. Uttering a loud cry of rage and horror, he sprang from his concealment, unarmed as he was, and bounded toward the villain whose hand still held the bloody weapon.

At the sudden apparition, rising as it were from the very body of his victim, the soul of the coward overcame the murderer. Not waiting to repel the attack of the newcomer, but mingling a cry of fear with the snortings of his no less startled horse, he turned and fled across the rocky hilltop and down the distant road until the sound of hoofs died away and vanished, and the mournful night wind alone droned dirges for the dead

Gerald Saint Luce, an escaped French prisoner, stood on Heather Hill with a corpse at his feet, a steed and a sword at his hand. As he slowly advanced toward where lay the silent soldier, he reverently crossed himself and muttered a prayer.

"*Le Bon Dieu!*" he whispered. "It is a miracle! Last night a dungeon; to-night, free and armed! But I must care for this poor lad." Cautiously he led the still nervous horse back a short distance and tethered him behind a thicket; then carefully, even tenderly, he raised the warm, limp body of the slain in his arms and carried it to a little depression behind a clump of hawthorn. There, whispering voluble French apologies into the deaf ears, he quickly changed attire with the dead man, and a few minutes later reappeared upon the King's Highway clad as an English officer, mounted upon an English horse, and armed with English steel

He sighed as he paused a moment in the cold moonlight. "He was a young man yet, and perchance had a fortune in this," and he glanced at the blood-stained packet in his hand. "Who knows? Adieu, comrade; thou wast foully slain!" And again crossing himself and murmuring an Ave he turned and rode away to the southward. Except the clear ring of his horse's feet no other sound came to the ear of Saint Luce, and he busied himself tightening here and loosening there the points and buckles of his new apparel, and in weighing the sword in his hand, until he had crossed the crown of the hill and was descending toward Hounslow Heath.

Here, the moonlight, spreading over a wide extent of land, seemed faintest shadow rather than light; for the trees loomed unnaturally, the thickets moved and murmured together, and all the phantoms of the darkness were abroad. The Frenchman sharpened his watch and rode with ears alert for any sign of danger. Low down on the horizon the lights of London blinked solemnly through the mists that trailed along the heath.

Almost an hour had passed when Saint Luce noted, some long distance ahead, a figure apparently moving toward him. He drew his horse to the right of the road. The stranger slowly approached, growing from a shapeless blotch to an undulating blackness, and after a time from a blackness to the dim figure of a mounted man. When within a dozen paces the stranger reined across the road and spoke

"Greetings, my lord. You travel late."

"'Needs be who must,'" replied the Frenchman lightly. "Did I not travel I should perforce be sleeping on this cold heath. But wherein do we differ, since you also are afield?" As he spoke he loosed the sword at his side with an almost imperceptible movement

THE BLADE OF THE OTHER WAS TORN FROM HIS GRASP

The other laughed. "Your proverb fits, my lord," said he. "'Needs be who must.' I travel that I may rest, for without travel and what it brings I have no means of rest. I pray you lend me your purse!"

Saint Luce saw the shining barrel of a pistol, its bell muzzle pointed straight at him, and behind it a pair of sparkling eyes. He threw his head back with a hearty laugh that echoed far across the desolate moor. A long laugh, that rose in perfect cadence and fell again in equal scale, not even deigning to look at the highwayman until the last tinkling notes of his mirth had died away. Then he spoke:

"Good sir, I crave your pardon for my frivolity! 'Tis said when leeches disagree the patient must recover. How then with us? If we gentlemen of the road take to plundering one another shall not many a dishonest burgher slip away? Go to! I have no purse. I am the poorer by the cloth upon my back and the steel upon my breast, for these are not my own. I have no weapon but my sword, and I pray you put away that gunpowder arm, for I like it not. If it please you to fight, let us fight with good steel that has not so bad a smell, and cries not to all the world around; but as I tell you, 'twill be to no end, for I have nothing."

The highwayman hesitated; Saint Luce had spoken so boldly that the force of his words impressed his hearer, and in half a quandary he lowered his pistol and opened his lips to reply. That act was his mistake

As the two had parleyed, the horses had drawn step by step nearer to each other, and now less than a dozen feet separated them. As the man's hand sank and his weapon pointed to the earth, a blow like the lightning's bolt hurled the pistol far into the moss of the moor, exploding as it went, the Frenchman's sword shot sharply forward and showed a hand's breadth behind the robber's back. Then the plunging horses separated, the wounded man uttered a startled cry, and Saint Luce, saluting, galloped on

"*Canaille!*" he muttered. "And this is England, and this the King's Highway! They need more trees and hemp"

Without loosening rein again, he rode for a full hour, flinging many a mile behind him. Slowly but surely the flickering lights of the great city grew, and the way became less lonely and deserted. At length he checked his speed, for he was where the lanes began and the rough cobbles that half-paved the way fretted his good steed. Then he hailed a passer-by

"Good-night, friend! I seek an inn. Canst guide me to a modest door?"

The man addressed pulled his cap from his head. "That I can, Master—none better in the town! If thou wilt follow me we'll be there in a turn, for I journey thither myself."

Accepting his offer, Saint Luce willingly followed his guide through the winding ways of the city. At times the darkness was so great that the very horse hesitated where to put his feet, then a sharp turn, and the half-open doors of ale houses flooded the way with light and made the air ripple with laughter and song

In this manner the two had proceeded for some time when, as they passed an inn rather more pretentious than its neighbors, the broad doors suddenly flew open and half a score of rollicking blades came tumbling into the road, shouting songs and staves, and defying the watch to interfere with their boisterous mirth. Saint Luce passed unmolested, but one of them seized the footman by his long queue.

"Whom have we here? Not Red Davie? Why, you Scotch terrier, how came you in Boar Lane? Know ye not that Scotsmen are not granted to pass here?" And with these words he struck a swinging blow at the man.

Red Davie instantly returned it, and the others joining in the mêlée, a furious brawl soon filled the narrow street. Heavy blows were showered upon the man's bullet head despite his best defense, and Saint Luce soon saw that if he would keep his attendant he must interfere. Spurring his horse into the midst of the throng, he strove to drive the assailants off, but some of the blows aimed at the footman falling upon Saint Luce his temper was soon aflame equally with the rest. Drawing his sword, he struck right and left with no gentle force, and shouts of anger quickly turned to cries of fear

One of the roysterers, however, would have pulled him from his saddle had not the soldier quickly shortened his weapon and dealt the man a stinging blow across the face His assailant fell to earth, and the Frenchman, bidding Red Davie catch his stirrup, drove his furious horse trampling through the mob, which fled before him. Reaching a turn, he suddenly whipped into a dark lane and escaped. When they had put some distance behind them Saint Luce said, "Red Davie, you owe me a whole skin; but else you guide me without further fractions I must leave you. I will not brawl in the streets of London."

The man at the stirrup pulled his forelock—his cap was gone—and made answer: "Master, ye saved me a sad beating from yon Lowland dogs, and I thank ye kindly! The inn I bespoke is at the next turning."

So forsooth it proved, and within the hour the Frenchman was seated in a low supper-room, his horse safely housed and fed, and his host engaged in spreading upon the table a well roasted fowl, a loaf and a bottle for his refreshment. Having eaten heartily, for his hunger had gathered a full day since last he had broken fast, Saint Luce drew from his doublet the packet which he had taken from the body of the murdered officer and carefully broke the heavy seals

Within were two notes. The larger bore the Royal crest and was directed to the High Constable of London; the other was unsealed, and upon its cover was written: "To the Blue Domino at Lady Anne Hathaway's Masque." Saint Luce unfolded this parchment and read.

> "*Most Beloved Niece:* After more effort than you may know, I have at last reached His Majesty's ear, and through personal interest only have obtained the pardon which I send herewith Lord Gordon suspected my errand and strongly opposed its granting. You may know why. Beware of him. I send this by the hand of Captain Sloan, and have directed him to give it you this night. The High Constable must receive the pardon before Friday's dawn if you are to see Stuart again.
>
> Your Uncle, ARGYLL."

The Frenchman's eyes sparkled. Calling his host, he directed that another bottle of wine be brought, and asked what was doing in the town

"Balls and routs, my lord," replied the innkeeper—"balls and routs, duels and hangings. Which will you?"

"To-night, my man, to-night!" replied the other. "Where can I find pleasure to-night?"

The innkeeper hesitated a moment and then replied: "Know you Lady Anne Hathaway?"

"I knew her brother, the young Lord Claude, in France," said Saint Luce; which, indeed, was no untruth, for it was he who had captured him at Lisle the year before

Then 'tis well," responded his host. "The Lady Anne gives a grand masque in her town house to night, and there you may find pleasure, I am sure."

"And to morrow," continued Saint Luce, "are there hangings for the morning?"

"Aye, sure enough. Young Malcolm Stuart is to hang for high treason. 'Twill be a noble sight. Thou hast come to London in a merry time!"

"So 'twould seem," responded the other grimly. "But for this masque—canst give me trappings?"

Boniface hesitated a moment, and then, brightening, answered: "Why, yes, my lord, if thou'lt content thyself with sombre black. I have a cloak and masque left by a stranger here, a month gone. I fear me he used the same for ill purpose upon the street, but it becomes me not to say, for he paid his reckoning as an honest man. I'll fetch them." And he hastened from the room

He soon returned with the needed disguise, and Saint Luce tried them on. "'Twill do," said he; "and now for hat and hose and shoes, for I can scarcely go without them."

Again the innkeeper departed, to return shortly with the required articles, and the soldier quickly completed his attire. Then buckling his sword short, so that it might be concealed, and throwing the long cloak about his shoulders, he followed his host into the street and took up the journey to Lady Anne Hathaway's rout.

Hastily they sped through the narrow alleys of the lower town and shortly emerged into broader ways, faced with more pretentious houses, until the innkeeper finally paused at the opening of a street where chairs and footmen could be seen ahead and the light and smoke from blazing links filled the air

"There, my lord, is her ladyship's," said he. "I wish you joy of the night. My door will be open whenever it please you to return;" and doffing his cap the man disappeared.

Saint Luce walked boldly forward, mounted the steps, and found himself face to face with two gorgeous footmen, backed by half a score of men at-arms, whose leathern buskins and purple caps proclaimed them to be of Lord Hathaway's household. Quickly slipping the masque across his eyes, the Frenchman advanced toward the broad staircase and, whispering the name "Captain Sloan" in the ear of the officer of the guard, mounted to the floor above and entered an antechamber which opened upon the grand ballroom. The music of viol and harpsichord sounded sweet indeed to the prison-dulled ears of the soldier, and his heart beat in unwonted fashion as he peered upon the brilliantly lighted scene. The room was filled with dancers, and the rustle of gowns, the tap of dainty heels, the gleam of jewels and the sparkling of eyes through a hundred masques caused the blood to bound in Saint Luce's veins

"By Venus!" he exclaimed under his breath; "'twere worth the risk to be here!"

Just as he was about to enter, a stir among those about him attracted his attention. A large man, followed by a considerable suite, had appeared. All present drew back, bowing. The newcomer was at least sixty years of age, grizzled and stern in countenance, and dressed most richly. With a slight inclination of his head he passed into the throng beyond. The Frenchman turned to one who stood at his side

"Pardon. Canst tell me who yon officer is?"

The man addressed answered quickly: "The High Constable. I thought all the world knew him."

"A thousand thanks," responded Saint Luce. "I am but recently in London from foreign soil, which must excuse my ignorance. May I presume yet further and inquire if you know the niece of the Duke of Argyll, and whether she is here to-night?"

"The Duke has two nieces; which do you seek?"

Saint Luce hesitated. "The younger," he replied.

His chance acquaintance started and turned sharply toward him. "Why do you ask, sir? You are presuming!"

"I beg your pardon; did I understand you?" said the Frenchman.

"Why do you ask of the nieces of the Duke of Argyll? They are friends of mine!" replied the other with heat.

"I decline to give any reason," responded Saint Luce clearly, "unless the answer be found at my side. *Comprenez vous?*"

The Englishman started. "You are a Frenchman; a spy!" he cried. The other smiled. "And you, sir, are not a gentleman I bid you adieu." He turned away and entered the ballroom. His questioner followed

Saint Luce moved carefully across the great hall until he gained the shelter of a recessed window that opened upon the garden. Here he paused. As he did so a hand touched his shoulder.

"If you are not a spy, meet me in twenty minutes back of the arbor in yonder garden. We can there settle our dispute as becomes gentlemen."

It was the Englishman. Saint Luce bowed and turned away. "Marplot!" he growled. "Fool! *Garçon!* You came here with a purpose, and now you have fallen upon a *mauvais quart d'heure!* You are not safe outside prison bars."

Notwithstanding these self reproaches he again took his sword by the hand lightly and devoted the twenty minutes of waiting to watching as well. "'To the Blue Domino,'" he murmured. "She must be somewhere here."

Even as his eye wandered over the moving throng a sudden flash of color caught his attention, and he noted the figure of a woman draped in blue approaching. His heart leaped as it had not done even when he faced the highwayman. Was this the girl he sought? It would not do to chance an error A life depended upon the pardon which he carried, and it must reach the proper hand. He determined to accost the maiden.

The wearer of the domino had paused a short distance from him and was now surrounded by a group of masquers. Saint Luce joined the throng and slowly worked his way toward its centre. Just as he reached the position he desired, his sleeve was plucked and a low voice muttered, "In the garden!" With a half-suppressed curse the soldier replied, "I follow you." Then bending far forward until his lips almost touched the odorous hair of the figure before him, he whispered: "Argyll sends a message by the black domino!

There was a sudden straightening of the supple form, an unspoken question shot from eyes that found his, a sobbing breath pulsated beneath the folds of the concealing cloak, and, murmuring "Later," he turned hastily away with the assurance that his quest was at an end. "Let me but finish with my friend behind the arbor," said Saint Luce to himself, "and I will bring joy to a breaking heart!"

Passing among the masquers, the Frenchman again reached the window, opened it, and stepped lightly on the balcony beyond. Below him stretched the garden, half lit by the moon. He sprang to the ground and advanced cautiously toward a distant shadow which he felt must be the arbor. Behind him, the lights streamed from the ballroom, and the soft music of the dance floated in snatches out upon the midnight air. A voice challenged him.

"Art ready?"

"At your will," he answered, drawing his sword. "Do we fight alone?"

"Afraid?" the other sneered.

The Frenchman laughed. "Not of your weapon, but for my reputation. If I kill you they will call it murder."

The Englishman's sneer became a growl of rage. "On guard!" he cried. "I will kill you, murder or not. On guard!"

The two stood upon the crisp, frost-bitten sward, each with a ready sword in hand.

Instantly the duel began. Saint Luce was out of practice from a year of prison life, and stood upon the defensive. His opponent, somewhat taller than he, fought with a dash unusual in an Englishman, and gradually forced his adversary back until, unconsciously, they passed beyond the shelter of the arbor and were in full view from the windows of the mansion

Sharp and forceful was the sword-play, the blades ringing clearly as they met, and such was the spirit of the fray that one might hardly note thrust and parry, lunge, foil, and turn, on either side. Suddenly a shout was heard and the sound of hurrying feet.

With an oath the Englishman flung himself upon Saint Luce, plying his weapon with a strength that promised even yet a bloody ending, but at that instant the Frenchman quickly passed his sword into his left hand, made a sinuous under-thrust turn of the wrist, and the blade of the other was torn from his grasp and flung whistling through the air. The Englishman stood unarmed, while his antagonist's quivering point pressed hard against his heart.

"Yield!" cried Saint Luce, but as he spoke the men of the guard seized them both with ungentle hands.

"What means this outrage?" said the officer of the guard furiously. "Are ye madmen that ye court the gibbet before the very eyes of the ruler of London? Away with them to the hall, where His Grace shall dispense such punishment as they deserve"

Without a word, Saint Luce sheathed his sword and submitted. Not so however, with his opponent. He demanded his release with fiery words, and threatened dire vengeance if his orders were not obeyed. Nevertheless, in company with the Frenchman he was forced to proceed toward the mansion. As they drew near the house an officer approached on the run and by his order they filed into the lower hall where many of the guests, as well as the armed attendants of Lord Hathaway, linkmen, pages, footmen and the like, had already gathered. Upon the broad stair, somewhat separated from the rest, stood the stern High Constable himself, and just behind him, in a brilliant group of ladies and cavaliers, Saint Luce beheld the wearer of the blue domino.

The ruler of London raised his hand. An expectant hush fell upon the motley throng "Officer," came a deep voice, "report."

"Your Grace," said the lieutenant of the guard, doffing his plumed cap, "these men were found engaged in deadly combat within very earshot of my Lord Hathaway's mansion. Had I not been alert, bloodshed would have stained this night!"

"Say unusually alert," responded the High Constable coldly, and the young officer fell back, abashed. "Who are these men? Unmask."

The Englishman started forward and cried, "Your Grace, may I speak with you?" but instantly he was seized by the guard and thrust backward again. The face of the High Constable grew white.

"Unmask!" he thundered

Saint Luce whipped the silk from his face willingly enough, but the other still hesitated, and the officer of the guard advanced to tear aside his concealment, when, with a quick movement, he bared his face to view. At the act there was a stir upon the stairs, and the High Constable himself showed surprise.

"My Lord Gordon!" he cried

"I bow to Your Grace in shame," responded the other, uncovering and bending his head, his face suffused with color. "It is indeed a serious offense, but I crave permission to offer my excuse."

The High Constable's eyes grew stern. "Speak, my lord," said he.

"A perpetual feast of nectared sweets" —Milton.

NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

A never-ending feast of flavors as delicate as the flowers' fragrance, as delicious as the sun-kissed fruit

Made in many flavors Each flavor sealed in a separate tin.

National Biscuit Company

AT THE SEASHORE

UNDERWOOD'S DEVILED HAM

...operation—just ... 1-4 lb. can makes 12 sandwiches. ...just salt enough to be appetizing. Just sharp enough to be relished. Send for free booklet of receipts to Wm Underwood Company, Boston, Mass.

Pears'

Economical soap is one that a touch of cleanses.

Get Pears' for economy and cleanliness.

Sold all over the world

PATENT SECURED or FEES returned. FREE opinion as to patentability ... every request for free investigation. Patents secured through us advertised without charge in The Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE. EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.

Slaves to the Coffee Bean

If coffee tampers with your heart or nerves, suppose you break away for 10 days and see how much better you feel.

You can make the job easy and pleasant if you take on **POSTUM COFFEE.**

Be sure and have it well boiled to bring out flavor and Food value.

Some people are so weary in every nerve that

A SEA VOYAGE FRIGHTENS

summer resorts tire them, mountain climbing is impossible, a summer of outing fills them with forebodings.

Such people need to begin all over.

As babes they need rest, milk, massage, air, sunshine. Months will be required, but slowly the nerve centres will again become reservoirs of energy.

Send for pamphlet. Address

The NORDRACH MILK AND REST CURE
PHOENICIA, ULSTER CO., NEW YORK

SUNLIGHT AND OPEN AIR
Hasten the Invalid's Recovery

TRICYCLES for Cripples and WHEEL CHAIRS for Invalids

Built to Order in Every Size and Style

We will be pleased to quote you prices on our special work.

Catalogue Free on request

E. C. FAY TRICYCLE AND INVALID CHAIR CO.
Elyria, Ohio

LET ME SELL YOUR REAL ESTATE OR BUSINESS

OVER 20 YEARS SUCCESSFUL EXPERIENCE

Describe your property and give your lowest **cash price** in first letter. I can sell most any kind of property no matter where located. **If you want to buy** write me to-day. I can save you time and money.

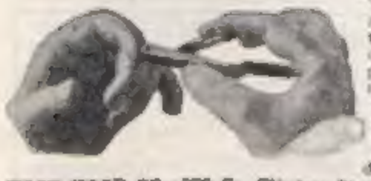
FRANK P. CLEVELAND
1604 Adams Express Building CHICAGO

The "Best" Light

Is a portable 100 candle power light, costing only 2 cts. per week. Makes and burns its own gas. Brighter than electricity or acetylene, and cheaper than kerosene. **No Dirt. No Grease. No Odor.** Over 100 styles. Lighted instantly with a match. Every lamp warranted. **Agents Wanted Everywhere.**

THE "BEST" LIGHT CO.
5-25 East 5th Street, CANTON, OHIO

KLIP-KLIP The Pocket Manicure



Trims, files, shapes and cleans, and keeps the nails in perfect condition. A complete manicure for man, woman or child. Silver steel, nickel-plated. Sent postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer hasn't it. **25c**

KLIP-KLIP CO., 570 So. Clinton St., Rochester, N. Y.

SUMMER HOMES IN VERMONT	LAKE CHAMPLAIN and THE GREEN MOUNTAINS Illustrated Book with complete list of hotels and boarding-houses. Board $4 per week and upward. Mailed for 4c. postage. A. W. ECCLESTONE, G. P. A. C. V. Ry., 385 Broadway, N. Y.

"Your Grace, it is not meet that all should hear."

"Speak!" roared the High Constable.

The proud offender trembled with rage; but he knew the man with whom he dealt; 'twere better to bend than to break. "Your Grace, this person, to me unknown, but who entered here under the name of another, offered an insult to one of the ladies present. 'Twas done in my hearing, and I resented it!"

A murmur of approbation ran through the throng, and Lord Gordon was about to pursue his advantage when Saint Luce with a quick movement stepped in front of him, drew from his doublet the blood-stained packet, and extending it toward the ladies clustering upon the stair said in clear, high tones:

"May it please Your Grace, Lord Gordon's statement is false, and if thou wilt examine this parchment the proof of my words lies within." As the High Constable extended his hand, Gordon would have torn the packet from Saint Luce's grasp had he not been prevented.

"My lord! My lord!" cried the ruler of London. "What means this unseemly behavior? Quick!" he continued. "Give me the parchment."

"With pleasure, Your Grace," responded the Frenchman, placing it in his hands; "but I must inform you that it is addressed to the wearer of the blue domino whom I see behind you." One of the ladies on the stair moved forward with a little cry.

"'My Lady Margaret Raleigh,'" read the High Constable, turning to view the girl who had uncovered her face and stood with both hands outstretched just above and behind him, "'in a blue domino at Lady Anne Hathaway's.' In truth, from the superscription this doth belong to you, and I deliver it with pleasure. Let me beg that you will quickly acquaint yourself with its contents, and, if it be proper, inform me how it affects this matter before us."

With these courtly words he placed the packet in the hands of the trembling maid. Feverishly she tore it open and drew out the two messages. As she read the one addressed to herself her bosom throbbed until its jewels sparkled like the stars above a stormy sea, her eyes grew bright with unshed tears, her face glowed in a mingled beauty of hope and love. "Thank God! He is saved!" she cried, and thrust the other parchment into the hand of the High Constable. Then she added: "Your Grace, it is his pardon, my Stuart's, from His Majesty the King!"

The girl's words thrilled the whole assemblage, but no one spoke until the representative of the Crown had broken the seal and read the writing within. Then he raised his eyes to Lady Margaret's and said:

"My dear lady, I give you God's grace! It is even as you have said—a free pardon for Malcolm Stuart, who was to have died at the break of the morrow's dawn."

Lord Gordon's face had become livid. He was trembling from head to foot. His fury clogged his breath. "It is a forged pardon!" he cried hoarsely. "The King is twenty leagues away, and hath sent no messenger. It is a forged pardon." Lady Margaret pressed her hands upon her heart with a sudden sob. Her eyes stared at the speaker.

"It is my uncle's handwriting," she whispered, "and he sends it by the hand of Captain Sloan," and she extended her message toward the High Constable.

As the latter took the parchment there was a sudden disturbance at the door, a bustle of armed men, and a travel-stained officer, hat and sword in hand, forced his way into the light of the hall.

"Your Grace's pardon, but in obedience to your strict orders I desire to announce that I have taken prisoner Roger Rafflon, the highwayman. He was caught at the house of a leech in the lower town, and I have him here in irons."

All eyes were turned toward where the guard stood, surrounding a pale-faced, black-bearded man near the door.

"'Tis well, Charlton," replied the High Constable. "I remember the order that if this criminal were taken I was to be warned at once. I shall not forget your diligence. Let him be kept at one side for a time until I have space to question him."

The officer again bowed. "I obey, Your Grace; but the prisoner is wounded and cannot stand without aid."

"Lay him upon the floor if it be less trouble," replied the High Constable. "Little mercy belongs to him who has granted mercy to none! I would speak with him before I leave."

The soldiers made their way to a corner of the hall and placed the prisoner upon the floor.

"This note is surely in the hand of Cameron, Duke of Argyll," said the High Constable, "and the seal upon the pardon is the Royal crest. I do not see how it can be a forgery, Lord Gordon."

"How came the message in this man's hands," said Lord Gordon, "if it were sent by the hand of Captain Sloan? Where is he?"

Saint Luce spoke suddenly. "Wouldst know where Captain Sloan is? Have I permission to state?"

The High Constable bowed.

"Your Grace, as the sun disappeared I was on Heather Hill. In the twilight two horsemen approached, riding together as friends. They did not see me, but even as I observed them one fell a little back of the other and struck a foul and murderous blow, driving his poniard into his companion's heart from behind, so that the man dropped from his horse at the villain's feet, dead!"

Exclamations of horror burst from all present. Lord Gordon's hand had slipped slowly within his doublet, while his lips grew dry and parched.

"Go on," said the High Constable.

"Your Grace, I was unmounted and unarmed, but 'needs be who must.' I was trained a gentleman and a soldier, and without thought I rushed upon the murderer. God was with me, for the craven fled! I examined the dead man and found the packet which I have given into your hands. That it was important I had no doubt, and, exchanging clothing with the poor boy who lay at my feet, I mounted his horse and sped me to London. I inquired my way to Lady Anne Hathaway's and here sought the one who wore the blue domino. I asked this man if the Duke of Argyll's niece were in the room, and for that query he challenged me."

Lord Gordon drew a sharp breath and looked at Saint Luce. Was it possible that he did not know?—he determined to take the chance.

With a harsh laugh he turned his haggard eyes again upon the High Constable.

"Your Grace will scarce be clouded with such a paltry tale. Heather Hill is three leagues from London Town, and yet this fable-maker would have us to believe he has ridden thence within the night and now appears in courtier's dress, to fright our ears with tales of murder done. His story runs too fast, Your Grace, and misses milestones by the way. Who thus was killed at eventide, and who the dastard that struck the blow? Surely these slight facts should bolster up his word!"

"Have you further news to tell?" asked the High Constable.

Slowly Saint Luce raised his eyes to those of his questioner. His face had a new glow upon it—the light that shines across the visage of the warrior when the trumpet sounds the charge.

"May it please Your Grace, I have three things more to tell. On my way to London I met and fought a free lance who now lies in yonder corner. That proves my ride. Is it not so?" and he turned toward Roger Rafflon.

Staggering to his feet the man looked long at Saint Luce; then wearily sinking down again he answered, "'Needs be who must.' Thou speak'st the truth, else I had not been here!"

"The man who was killed on Heather Hill was Captain Sloan. His sword, which I have at my side, witnesseth his name upon its hilt; and the man who struck the messenger down, by a coward's blow in the dark, that man, Your Grace, was Lord Gordon, who now holds the same weapon in his hand with which the foul deed was done." Turning like a leopard, Saint Luce caught the wrist of Gordon, tore his hand from its concealment within his doublet, and held it aloft. Within its grasp lay a poniard, stained with blood.

Cries of horror and rage rang through the hall as Gordon struggled to free himself.

"Seize him! Seize him! Let him not escape!" thundered the High Constable. "As ye value my favor, make him fast!"

The motley crowd surged to and fro, while the ladies shrieked in terror. The officer shouted to his men, and the High Constable bent forward with blazing eyes watching the mêlée.

"Have ye him? Have ye him? Drag him to the Tower! To-morrow morn he shall swing upon the gibbet in Stuart's stead! Good God! to think he were such a fiend!"

The ruler of London covered his face with his hands while he shuddered. Then suddenly he said unsteadily:

"And the stranger; where is he? I would speak yet further with him."

But Saint Luce was gone.

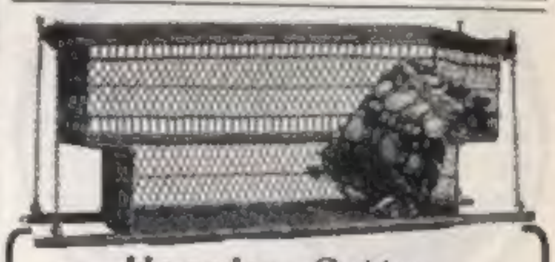
Chicago College of Dental Surgery
(Dental Department of Lake Forest University)

(This Foot Ball Team has held the Inter-collegiate Dental Challenge Cup during the past three seasons.)

Twenty-First Annual Course

of instruction will begin Oct. 1st, 1902. This is among the oldest, and is one of the leading Dental Colleges of the world. In order to complete the course of instruction in three years it is necessary to enter the coming session—1902-1903—as a four year course will be required thereafter. For illustrated catalogue address

DR. TRUMAN W. BROPHY, Dean
782 Harrison St., Chicago



Hanging Settee

Delightfully cool in summer. All the advantages of a hammock, combined with those of a comfortable lounge. For the porch or house. Strong and easily adjusted. Hand-made, of finest imported rattan. Sent on approval, we take all the risk.

Write for catalog of Settees, Couches, House Trunks, etc., direct to factory.

Rattan Novelty Co., 121 E. South St., Indianapolis, Ind.

PIANO Our unique method of selling may interest you. Where no dealer sells our pianos we sell direct; practically bring our large Boston establishment, Factory and Warerooms to your door. We will quote you our lowest prices, explain our Easy Pay System, as available in the most remote village in the United States as if you lived in Boston or New York. More than this, if our careful selection of a piano fails to please you, in other words, if you don't want it after seeing and trying it, it returns to us and we pay railroad freights both ways. We solicit correspondence.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,
103 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

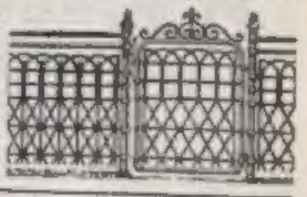
"DEARBORN JUNIOR" Typewriter Table Cabinet
42 in. long. 24 in. deep

Takes place of the ordinary typewriter desk costing twice the money. Golden oak, handsome finish, handy, serviceable, lasting. Delivered east of Rocky Mountains, freight prepaid, for $10. If not satisfactory return at our expense. Write for catalogue of the Dearborn Cabinets.

DEARBORN DESK CO., Birmingham, Ala.

ORNAMENTAL FENCE

25 designs, all steel. Handsome, durable—Cheaper than a wood fence. Special inducements to church and cemeteries. *Catalogue free.*



KOKOMO FENCE MACHINE COMPANY
459 North St.
Kokomo, Indiana

$26.50 BUYS A BUGGY
(with top $33.50) of very superior QUALITY, STYLE and DURABILITY

Entire output of two enormous factories, sold direct to consumer. We mfr. full line Buggies, Carriages, Harness, guarantee all goods, ship on approval.

WE DEFY COMPETITION and SAVE DEALERS' PROFIT

Money back if not satisfied. Send for *Catalogue* and *Special Offer.*
UNION BUGGY COMPANY, 486 Saginaw Street, Pontiac, Mich.

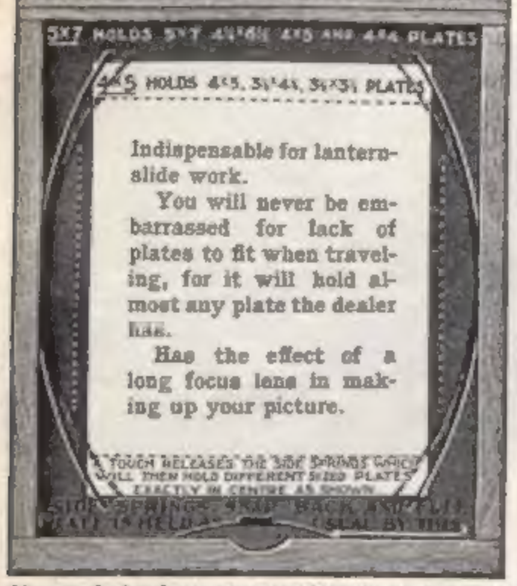
Low Rate August Tours

Via Pennsylvania Railroad to California, the Canadian Rockies and Yellowstone Park. Leave August 3. Round trip rates: California and Canadian Rockies, $200; California and Yellowstone Park, $250. For itineraries address GEO. W. BOYD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

WEDDING INVITATIONS
and Announcements Printed and Engraved. Latest Styles. *Monogram Stationery.* Best work. 100 Visiting Cards 75c. Samples and Valuable Booklet, "Wedding Etiquette," FREE. J. W. COCKRUM, 527 Main Street, Oakland City, Ind.

4 PLATE HOLDERS IN 4 THE PRICE OF 1 1

ROCHESTER
SELF-ADJUSTING PLATE HOLDER


5X7 HOLDS 5X7 4½X6½ 4X5 AND 4¼4 PLATES
4X5 HOLDS 4X5, 3¼X4¼, 3¼X3¼ PLATES
Indispensable for lantern-slide work.
You will never be embarrassed for lack of plates to fit when traveling, for it will hold almost any plate the dealer has.
Has the effect of a long focus lens in making up your picture.

If your dealer does not carry these in stock, specify them when ordering your camera, or send name and size of your camera and $1.25 for 5 x 7 or $1 for 4 x 5 to the Rochester Plate Holder Co., Rochester, N. Y.

The GOERZ LENS is the fastest
Lens in the World
That's a challenge and a fact demonstrated beyond dispute.
Anastigmatic *Accurate*
Guaranteed
Though some lenses possess larger relative opening, actual practice demonstrates that
The GOERZ LENS is the fastest
None "Just as good"
For prices, circulars, etc., apply to your dealer or
C. P. Goerz Optical Works, Room 23, 52 E. Union Sq., N. Y.

Try, THEN BUY Plan
the only way we sell our special line of celebrated
KALAMAZOO
steel ranges, steel cook stoves and Oak heaters. We sell direct from our factory at factory prices on
30 Days' Free Trial
freight paid. At the end of the trial you can keep or return purchase at your pleasure. Fairest offer ever made. Want to know more about it? Send for free catalogue.
Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

DON'T WORK SO HARD
on Ironing day. It's unnecessary. To save labor, time, worry and confusion
Use the Gem Ironing Machine
It's economical, practical, durable and soon pays for itself. Costs 1c. per hour to heat by gas or gasoline. Once tried, never discarded. Pleased users everywhere. Sent FREE—Illustrated booklet, "Modern Methods in Ironing." Ask for it today. DOMESTIC MANGLE CO., Box 8, Racine Jct., Wis.

Pacific Coast and Yellowstone Park
Pennsylvania Railroad tour leaves August 2. Returns September 4. Special Pullman train visiting Denver, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland and the wonderful Yellowstone Park. Round trip rate $250. For detailed itinerary, address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hammock Stands
Lawn Furniture, beautiful and ornamental. Saves lawn and trees. Illustrated catalogue free.
HERCULES MFG. CO.
Dep't 54 Centerville, Iowa

GINSENG $25,000 made from one-half acre. Easily grown throughout the U. S. and Canada. Room in your garden to grow thousands of dollars worth. Roots and seeds for sale. Send 4c. for postage and get our booklet telling all about it.
McDOWELL Ginseng Garden, Joplin, Mo., U. S. A.

AN "AUTOMOBILE" CHAIR. Our rubber tires on your rocker save floor and carpet, and give more comfort. Pair complete with fasteners prepaid, only $1. Anyone can attach. Latest practical novelty. Agents wanted; liberal terms; free circulars.
RUBBER ROCKER CO., Box 18, Fredericktown, O.

The Reading Table

King Edward and King Solomon

When the Prince of Wales was a guest of President Buchanan in 1860 the latter's niece, Miss Harriet Lane, now Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson, who received a special invitation to attend King Edward's Coronation, was mistress of the White House. The Prince and Miss Lane found much enjoyment in each other's company. At the home of the late W. W. Corcoran they rolled ninepins and Miss Lane was victorious in the contest. On the revenue cutter "Harriet Lane," commanded by Lieutenant Francis M. Ramsay (now Rear-Admiral), which carried the Prince to Mount Vernon, Miss Lane assumed the part of hostess with brilliancy.

On the return from that pilgrimage His Royal Highness remarked that in his estimation George Washington, in wisdom, was a second Solomon, and that in some respects he was even greater than the ancient king and lawgiver.

"Do you," asked Miss Lane merrily, "look upon Solomon's ability to manage five hundred wives as the supremest expression of his wisdom, or would you say that his greatest display of wisdom was in his marrying that vast number?"

"That is a difficult question," replied the Prince laughingly. And then he added:

"My serious judgment, Miss Lane, is that Solomon's unparalleled wisdom was the result of his having so many women to give him advice."

Early in her career as First Lady of the Republic Miss Lane settled the contest for her favor by announcing her engagement. The interesting piece of social news was given out in a most novel manner.

Two days after Buchanan's inauguration in March, 1857, a delegation of students from the University of Pennsylvania, who had been invited by the President and his niece to attend the ceremonies, called at the White House to pay their respects and say farewell.

One young man lingered after the rest of the students had passed out.

"Miss Lane," said he, "this occasion and your graciousness at the Thanksgiving dinner which you tendered us at Wheatland, your home in Lancaster, are the brightest things in my life. I hope that the four years you are to spend in this historic mansion will be as pleasant to you as your company has been to me."

"I can respond as cordially," Miss Lane replied, "and I trust you will make your visits to the White House frequent. The President, I know, will always be glad to see you and your comrades—particularly," she added naively, "as your visits will not be in the pursuit of office."

The young man bowed. "I want but one office," he responded, "and that the President cannot give."

"What is it?" she asked.

"I would be custodian of the Queen of Hearts of the White House."

Miss Lane laughed merrily. "Too late, my dear friend," she said. "I heard the President this morning assure that portfolio to a gentleman from Baltimore."

"And—what do you say?" persisted the student, still with a ray of hope.

"The position was awarded with my full consent—and even coöperation," said Miss Lane.

Soon after more formal announcement was made of her engagement to Mr. Johnson, of Baltimore.

Burdette's Choice of Fraternities

In the winter of 1885 two college boys of Wooster, Ohio, desiring to make some money to get fraternity pins, decided to bring on a lecturer, and secured Mr. Robert J. Burdette for $125. They posted the town with huge bills saying "He is Coming," and later with others saying "He is Here," and giving his name. The pasting of the first lot was looked upon as a college prank and detectives were engaged to hunt for the perpetrators.

When the night arrived a very small audience assembled in the opera house. To add to the discomfiture of the young men Burdette was delayed by a wreck and did not arrive until ten o'clock, by which time some of the audience were demanding their money back. One of the boys strove to hold the audience by reading telegrams from Burdette, some genuine and some fictitious, giving his progress. The other one went to the train to meet the lecturer, and Burdette, noticing his long face as they rode back, said:

"What's the matter? Haven't you got a good house?"

"No, indeed; mighty poor," said the young fellow.

"Cheer up, my boy," said Burdette; "cheer up. I'll never let it be said after I'm dead that any young man ever lost anything by Bob Burdette."

The lecture itself was a success, lasting until past midnight. It was Saturday night and at twelve o'clock Burdette took out his watch and announced the fact, and said that if there were any ministers in the audience they could be excused.

When it came time to settle the boys found that after paying other expenses they had but $66, and visions of a forced draft on father came to one of them and the sacrifice of a pet calf was the sole resource left to the other.

Burdette said: "Well, boys, how much have you left after taking out all the expenses? $66, eh? Well, there are three of us; that's just $22 apiece."

They insisted that he take it all, but he would not listen to it. He said: "No, we are all fraternity boys and we'll share alike. We belong to another fraternity, my boys, and that is the fraternity of humanity. All I ask of you is that, if you ever meet some other young man in trouble you will give him a lift and think of Bob Burdette."

A Four-Footed Drug Store

Medicines in these days are concentrated to such an extent that one mule is able to carry the equivalent of what would have required the services of four or five wagon-teams a few years ago. It is an improvement which greatly facilitates the work of the Army hospital corps during campaigns.

In old times many kinds of medicines were put up in the shape of infusions, tinctures and extracts. An infusion, of course, is a "tea"; a tincture might be called an infusion in alcohol, and an extract is a tincture with some of the alcohol removed. All such preparations were necessarily bulky, and required the use of bottles.

But science has learned how to put up these remedies in condensed and portable shape. Most of them now appear in the form of pellets and tablets, one pill or lozenge being a dose. The powdered drugs are compressed by a powerful machine, so as to reduce them to as small a compass as possible.

Thus a tablet of paregoric represents a tablespoonful of the old-style bottled preparation, and is a fairly satisfactory substitute, though not quite equal to the original. Indeed, many physicians do not regard the "tabloid" medicines with favor, asserting that they are sometimes not digested. Even the ever-popular quinine pill is so efficiently protected by its hard coat of gelatine that it is not always dissolved.

Drugs bought for the United States Army are said to be markedly inferior to those purchased for the Navy—a strange condition of affairs which finds its explanation in one of the stupidities of Congress. It is required by Congress that the contracts for supplying medicines for our troops shall be awarded in every case to the lowest bidder, though it often happens that bids on a given drug run all the way from fifteen cents to $2.75 an ounce, and in such a case it may easily be imagined that a serious difference of quality is involved.

Of course the Surgeon-General of the Army is obliged to accept the fifteen-cent bid. A sample is demanded of the manufacturer, and, on being received, it is analyzed. Presumably it is found unsatisfactory, and then, of necessity, the next lowest bid is chosen. Again the sample offered is perhaps below grade, and it is thrown out. But the upshot of the matter is that, after much delay and unnecessary work, a fairly respectable article is accepted—not the best, nor anything near it, but something that will pass.

Thus it comes about that our soldiers get inferior medicines. In the Navy, on the other hand, the doctors are allowed to buy what drugs they choose, and to pay for them whatever they think proper, the result being that they obtain the best of everything.

The ONLY Automobile that has won EVERY Endurance Contest held in America is the

HAYNES-APPERSON

The most practical automobile in the world

Runabout, 6 horse-power, 2 passengers, $1,200
Phaeton, 9 " " 2 " 1,500
Surrey, 9 " " 4 " 1,800
We offer you a proved reliability, ease of access to working parts and simplicity of operation that no other make in the world affords, at reasonable prices for good workmanship. Look up our records, ask our customers, get our free booklets.
HAYNES-APPERSON CO., Kokomo, Indiana

= = WATCHES = =
Artistic productions for Ladies' wear—Silver chatelaines in unique designs—Shoulder watches in all metals or enameled—Open face or hunting, for belt or pocket—Send for our booklets and select designs.
The New England Watch Co.
37 and 39 Maiden Lane, N. Y. 131 to 137 Wabash Ave., Chicago
Spreckels Building, San Francisco

BICYCLES BELOW COST

5000 Bicycles, *overstock*. For 30 days only we will sacrifice at *less than actual factory cost* New 1902 Models.
"Bellise," complete $8.75
"Cossack," $9.75
Guaranteed High Grade.
"Siberian," a Beauty, . . $10.75
"Neudorf," Road Racer, . . $11.75
No finer bicycle at any price.
Choice of M. & W. or Record tires and best equipment on all our bicycles. *Strongest guarantee.*
We SHIP ON APPROVAL, C. O. D. to anyone *without a cent deposit* and allow 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL before purchase is binding.
500 GOOD 2nd-HAND WHEELS, $3 to $8.
Do not buy a bicycle until you have written for our free catalogues with large photographic engravings and full descriptions.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 54 S, Chicago

The IDEAL SQUARE STEAM Cooker

With Doors. Cooks a whole meal over 1 burner, on *gasoline, oil, gas, or common cook stove.* Reduces Fuel Bills One-Half
Has water gauge and replenishing tube on outside. Bakes tough meats tender. Will hold 12 one-quart jars in canning fruits. We also make the world-renowned round Ideal Cooker with whistle. *We pay express.* The Housekeeper's Friend. Agents' Bonanza. Send for illus. catalogue. Agents Wanted.
TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 18, Toledo, O.

National Electric Vehicles
are for those who take no pleasure in mechanical labor. Started and kept in motion without worry or tinkering. Simple, noiseless, graceful. The most practical automobile for business or pleasure. Easily controlled by man, woman or child. Write for catalog.
NATIONAL VEHICLE CO., 902 E. 22nd St., Indianapolis, Ind.

STEM-WIND WATCH, CHAIN AND CHARM

You can get a 8Stem-Wind, Nickel-Plated Watch, warranted, also a Chain and Charm, for selling 12 packages of Bluine at 10c. each. Send name and address at once and we will forward you the Bluine and our large Premium List, postpaid.
No money required.
BLUINE MFG. CO., Box 694, Concord Junction, Mass.

"How To Buy A DIAMOND"
Special Summer Offer Write for Particulars
Buy diamonds on your present income by our monthly saving plan. Diamonds sent anywhere for approval, express paid.
Booklet is worth $10 to intending purchaser. Free—send postal. Doubters write First National Bank, Chicago.
GEO. E. MARSHALL, 101 State Street, Chicago

SUSPENDERS that support without restraint—GUYOT Suspenders. Indestructible button holes. Perfect every way. If not at your dealers send 50c for sample pair.
GUYOT BROS., 611 Broadway, N.Y. City

FOR **$1.00** you may secure instruction in Physical Culture as complete as has ever been offered for twenty dollars. Postpaid on receipt of price.

Physical Culture Simplified

Just published by the author, PROF. ANTHONY BARKER.

For Men, Women and Children

Have you answered any of the advertisements of the many Schools of Physical Culture? Have you found them good but beyond your purse? If so, the problem is solved for you. This book is finely bound in cloth. The system of instruction it includes is illustrated with 54 full-page half-tones from life—covers every condition—is thoroughly explanatory. This book is the result of my experience of fifteen years as instructor of Physical Culture. If not satisfactory, return the book and your money will be refunded.

ANTHONY BARKER, Dept. F, 1164 Broadway, New York
I have the best conducted gymnasium in New York.

HAVE YOU TALENT FOR DRAWING?

Instruction by Correspondence

In Magazine and Book Illustrating, Newspaper and Commercial Drawing, Lettering and Ornamental Design, Retouching of Photographs, Fashion Drawing.

Write for "ART" Catalog explaining fully our method and special low terms by mail.

OHIO SCHOOL OF DESIGN, Vulcan Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Illustrator

Correspondence School

Poster, Book, News, Caricature and Trade Drawing

Personal Direction of DAN SMITH

Send for Beautifully Illustrated Book

No. 35 W. 21st Street, N. Y. City

Columbian University

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SCHOOLS OF LAW

Law School: Three years' course leading to degree of LL. B. **School of Comparative Jurisprudence and Diplomacy:** Three courses of higher legal, political and diplomatic training leading to degrees of Master of Laws, Master of Diplomacy, and Doctor of Civil Law.

The National Capital affords special advantages to students of Law and Diplomacy. For catalogues and information address,

Chancing Rudd, Sec'y., 1429 H Street, Washington, D. C.

PREPARES FOR CORNELL

The University Preparatory School

Boarding and Day Departments

SUMMER TERM opens JULY 16 for 8 weeks

FALL TERM for year 1902-1903 opens SEPT. 30

Eleventh Year. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

CHAS. A. STILES, B. S., Ave. E, Ithaca, N. Y.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

Nearly **10,000** appointments made last year. Chances better for 1902. Hundreds of those who have been appointed were prepared by mail by us. Established 1895. Full particulars free concerning government positions, salaries paid, examinations—when and where held, our methods, etc. Write to-day.

National Correspondence Institute
19-42 Second National Bank Building
Washington, D. C.

BUFORD COLLEGE Nashville, Tenn. Young Women. Limited and Select. Within 30 minutes of "The Athens of the South."

Country and city combined. Charming campus of 20 acres. Spacious building, splendidly equipped. All school work on the first floor. Out-door sports emphasized. Non-denominational, non-sectarian, but thoroughly Christian. Faculty of skilled specialists strengthened by a scholarly lecture corps. Graduate, Elective, and University Preparatory Courses. University Bible Course. Business Course. Conservatory training in Art, Music, Expression, and Languages. Access to Laboratories of Vanderbilt University. Record of Current Term represents 12 States and 5 Nationalities. Term opens September 18, 1902. Write for beautiful "Year Book."

Founder and President, MRS. E. G. BUFORD

BOOKKEEPING, SHORTHAND, PENMANSHIP etc., successfully taught by mail or no charges. POSITIONS secured. 10,000 students. Booklet free. Add. Dept. 10

DRAUGHON'S BUS. COL., Nashville, Tenn.

California and the Canadian Rockies

Pennsylvania Railroad tour leaves August 2. Returns August 31. Special Pullman train, visiting Denver, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, and viewing the Canadian Rockies by daylight. Round trip rate $300. For particulars, address GEO. W. BOYD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Salving of the Beloochistan

(*Concluded from Page 9*)

of chilly wind whiffed in from the sea, and at their touch the water flattened coweringly. From the wrecking fleet and the great funnels of the Beloochistan the oily, murk-brown smoke welled in heavier volumes. The ear grew dead with the aching hiss of overwrought safety-valves. In thirty-five minutes it would be high tide. They waited.

A flag flew skyward on the Beloochistan, and, as suddenly, her screws were heavingly a-move. In one Titanic revolution their inward drive launched a weltering bank of water shoreward. It came back in a tidal wave, tumblingly swift. The screws of the Perseus mouthed into it ravenously as it passed. The Charybdis caught at it as ferociously. The whole seven dropped to the business with a long, grunting gasp of brute-beast satisfaction. The fury of the steel-pent steam stopped dead. It was unleashed now! The power of twenty thousand horse strained madly to the collar. The struggle had begun—Nature trained and in harness against Nature inapt, stolid, inert, holding the quivering bulk of the Beloochistan in her grip.

Tug pitched against tug, and as the seas troughed under them their screws tore rackingly free again and again. But all was at stake now. It was high tide. They strained on, gasping and spray-blinded. Seconds became minutes. Suddenly a barefoot winchman on the Beloochistan leaped crazily into the air; he had felt the old sliding "give" beneath him. "She drives! She drives!" he screeched, and the whole crew took up the old towing call in a wild falsetto of excitement. With the next wave she rose, indeed, with a great gulp and regurgitation. And her screws, now given all their power, received the outflowing wash of yellow mud, and threshed it till it frothed like beaten eggs, and the seven great propellers fought her forward madly. She began to "go to the kedges"; now she was moving for all to see. Her bows dropped clear at last, and in the big joy of her release she lifted up her mighty "fog-rumpler," and from Fort Cezon to Brest, land and sea roared and was full of the sound of her thankfulness. The little boats yelped ecstatically and jumped about in front of her. The revenue cutter barked frantically with both her broadsides. Then all turned tail and ran for shelter.

The wrecking tugs were still winching in their lines when the storm broke. But if it was anything to them, it was only the shaken towel and the cooling sponge upon the glow of victory. Port and starboard the Lilian and Perseus pushed in to the Beloochistan as she passed them, and the Liverpool and London wreck-masters joined the rioting unseemliness going forward on her rain-swept deck. It was about the fifth repetition of the deliriously tangled "grand chain" of hand-graspings that McCuaig and Viggers found themselves all but at hard grips; and they got away from each other only after much loss of dignity. Five minutes later they were being basketed back into their own drunken craft; and the whole flotilla, scorning the whirling wind and lashing rain, shouldered strongly north for England.

As was said in the beginning, the amount of a salvage award is a matter to be settled by agreement, arbitration or the Admiralty Courts. In the case of the Beloochistan, to have suggested either of the former would have seemed to both salvers and Lloyds alike a grim, Utopian jest. Viggers and McCuaig spent the major part of the next eleven weeks in the witness-box perfervidly supporting each other's affidavits. And by the end of the first fortnight the criminal hostility of the "C. C. C." and "R. L. S." was not in as striking evidence as the glowering Lloyds' counsel fiercely described and desired it to be. When the judges had carried off the papers for their season of brooding deliberation, the South of England, for wrecking purposes, had been divided at Spithead. But when that record-establishing award was made, everything went by the board. It was no mere question of uniting: before Viggers and McCuaig had parted on that night of intoxication, the Siamese twins themselves were not blood-brothers more indivisible; and differences of wires and hawsers, pontoons and derricks were washed away in a flow of feeling which it would be profanation to describe. Nay, more: fifty thousand pounds should be spent forthwith on equipment with the new Yankee apparatus. Then, *then* they would go after the execrable "Neptuners" and drive them from the Seven Seas!

Best of All Refrigerators

The only refrigerator with each food compartment one solid piece of white porcelain ware. All corners rounded; no joints or crevices where food may lodge and decay. Light in every corner; as easily cleaned as china. The porcelain cannot break, craze nor change color.

Woodwork of white oak, polished like furniture. Built and insulated for the utmost economy. Perfect circulation; dainty, cleanly and odorless. Good health demands this.

The MONROE is the refrigerator of today. You will not buy a common refrigerator if you let us tell you all about this. Please write for our book.

Shipped direct from the factory, freight prepaid. We have exhibits at the following stores, where orders may be placed:

ALBANY—The Van Heusen-Charles Co., China, 468 Broadway.
BALTIMORE—John Turnbull, Jr., & Co., Furniture, 18 and 20 W. Baltimore St.
BOSTON—Abram French Co., China, 49 Summer St.
CHICAGO—The Tobey Furniture Co., 100 Wabash Ave.
CINCINNATI—Koch & Braunstein, China, 22 E. Fourth St.
CLEVELAND—W. Buschman & Co., Furniture, 216 Superior St.
COLUMBUS—The Hasbrook-Bargar Co., China, 87 N. High St.
DES MOINES—Brinsmaid & Co., China, 215 Fourth St.
DETROIT—L. B. King & Co., China, 103 Woodward Ave.
LOUISVILLE—W. H. McKnight, Sons & Co., Carpets, Corner Fourth & Walnut Sts.
KANSAS CITY—T. M. James & Sons, China, 1020 Walnut St.
NEW YORK CITY—Monroe Refrigerator Co., 42 Cortlandt St.
PHILADELPHIA—Tyndale & Mitchell Co., China, 1217 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURG—Greer-Milliken China Co., 534 Wood St.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dulin & Martin Co. (Incorporated), China, 1215 F St. N. W.

MONROE REFRIGERATOR CO.

Write us direct for Catalogue "O" LOCKLAND, OHIO

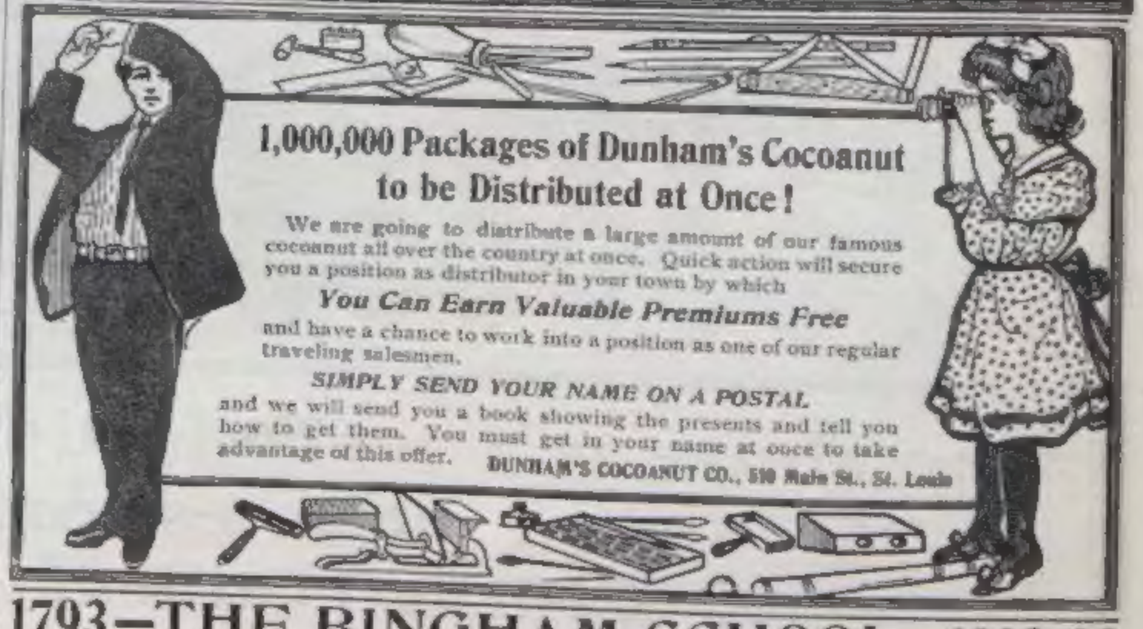
A Watch Case Wears

at point of contact with the hand or pocket. A solid gold case wears thin and weak and a cheap filled case wears shabby. A **Jas. Boss Stiffened Gold Case** is guaranteed to wear for 25 years. It is made of two layers of solid gold with a layer of stiffening metal between, all welded together in one solid sheet. The outside gold will last a quarter of a century and the stiffening metal will keep the case strong as long as you wear it. This is why thousands wear the

JAS. BOSS *Stiffened GOLD* ***Watch Case***

on costly works in preference to a solid gold case. Ask your jeweler to show you a Jas. Boss Case and look for the Keystone trade-mark stamped inside. ***Send for Booklet.***

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.



1,000,000 Packages of Dunham's Cocoanut to be Distributed at Once!

We are going to distribute a large amount of our famous cocoanut all over the country at once. Quick action will secure you a position as distributor in your town by which

You Can Earn Valuable Premiums Free

and have a chance to work into a position as one of our regular traveling salesmen.

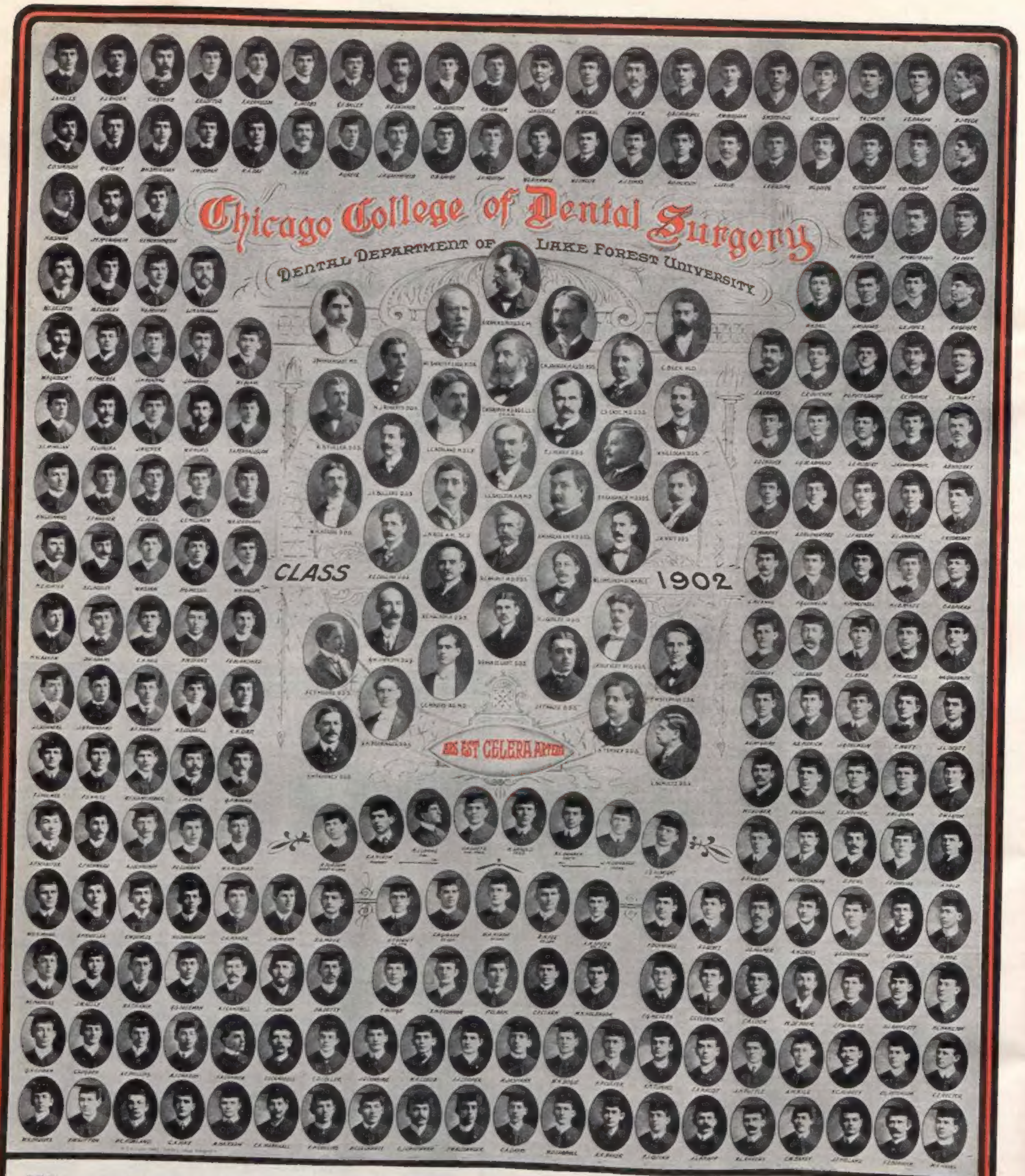
SIMPLY SEND YOUR NAME ON A POSTAL

and we will send you a book showing the presents and tell you how to get them. You must get in your name at once to take advantage of this offer. **DUNHAM'S COCOANUT CO., 510 Main St., St. Louis**

1793—THE BINGHAM SCHOOL—1902-03

Ideally located on the *Asheville Plateau*. Military. *United States Army Officer detailed.* Cadets from **Twenty-three (23) States, District of Columbia, Cuba** and the **Philippines during the 109th year. $125 per half-term.**

Col. R. BINGHAM, Superintendent, P. O. Box 651, Asheville, N. C.



The above is a reproduction of the Class Picture of the senior class session of 1901-1902 of the Chicago College of Dental Surgery.